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THE CROWN JEWELS.

A TALE OF LONDON AND PARIS.

BY SIR. HORATIO W. NELSON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY ELSMORE," OR, THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE," &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER V.

THE JEW'S HOUSE.

Before we follow the large wain with its six caravan and one-armed horseman down the Thames, we will take our promise to make known to the reader the result of the visit of Lord Harry Neagle to the abode of Sallafiel, the Jew, the night he left the hackney Hirschfeld at the entrance of the mile-stone, and a few hours prior to his appearance with the latter in company at the "Dark Inn," to embark in the barge.

We have already described the night as dark and unusually gloomy, by reason of the dense London fog, which hung like a pall over the streets, rendering even the fine lamps of the capital halo of obscurity. Threading his way along the narrow and dimly patronized, and badly lighted by lamps contented by the cupe of his cloak, both for fear of officers of the law, and to prevent any recognition of his features from any quarter, the young nobleman at length entered Lombard street, that notorious mart of the London Jews for the usury ventures. After a few doors were passed, he stopped at a wooden portal of an old and sunken edifice, the lower story half buried beneath the pavement. The well-fed dust, and damp smells of ages had rendered the wood of which it was constructed as black as iron and almost as hard. The second floor projected in the usual fashion over the way, affording a sort of shelter to the sidewalk; and the aspect of the front with its heavily barred windows, its massive door lintels, was also foreign, the house having been erected by a Spanish grandee, exiled for life from his native land. But in its progress of generations it had become the well-known house of the rich Jew Sallafiel; well known, we say, to all young heirs, especially of the nobility, who wished to anticipate their inheritances ere old enough fairly to enjoy it, by borrowing money of the Israelite on bond. Then Sallafiel held a lien upon one out of every five of the handsomest estates in England; and was the most inexhaustible; for where "the security was good" he never hesitated to count down all the money asked on loan to the young Croesus, "loan usus," and other specialities of the realm.

Before entering Lord Harry Neagle to Sallafiel's dwelling, we will take the license of an author to go in before him. We enter a gloomy, stately square and swung back by an African of hideous visage, and with a peculiar cast of beauty. He wears a scarlet hooded fez and knotted about his temples of dark brown, and his tall, thin form is wrapped in a long blue cloak, which holds together at the waist by a yellow girdle. Green slippers are upon his feet, and upon his fingers and thumb many a bright stone set in silver and gold rings; while a his ears hang crescents of the genuine gentiana ore.

It is a paved court, lofty and wide, into which he admits us, lighted by a small bunch of rush lights held in his long, bony fingers, the oval nails upon which shine in their pure scarlet. The court is ruinous and gloomy, and contains no article but an old relic, apparently, of the middle thereupon of visitors for seven generations. Not only the outside but than for all the inside indications dwelling, dwelling of wealth and poverty. By no signs street-ward, not by any signs inward, would one suspect that it was the abode of other than a family of ragpickers, or the temporary shelter of homeless wanderers.

If the African, Ebo, by a close scrutiny is satisfied with our exterior, he will ask us for the password. If of the number of the Sallafiel we related one to the other by a secret countersign, which one is five is not known to the world. The house of his "guests" makes known to some friend who is for waiting for the admission of the peculiar facilities and advantages of an acquaintance with the vile Jew. The friend, however, cannot find the place without the African's guidance, nor be admitted to the inner court and to an interview without a password. This password the door-keeper furnishes to all his "friends," and through them and their credential of it to those who apply for it by his gold circulating, and renders himself a useful institution to the "fast" young members of the peerage. Chance person may by ever had; it would a chance passer-by ever suspect that the dweller within the old, tumble-down rookery could loan to the Queen, did she know it, half a million sterling.

The pass-word duly given, to show we are duly authenticated by some of his customers, the open outside or inner gate, and leads to a wooden door. Looking it after us, he waves his hand and intimates by the same that we should ascend a broken stone stair-case, on the left. It is dark and slippery, but we can hold on by the crumbling wall with one hand, and we reach the landing at the top, and find ourselves in a sort of vestibule, with a grated window, fortified by a portals of cob-webs, that veiled its light.

The African porter now pushes back a bolt, and the door swings back, revealing to our surprised eyes a noble corridor or columned hall, paved with white and black marble, the panelled sides enriched with elegant paintings, chiefly of scenes in Israelitish history—at the creating of the first Sea, the giving of the law on Mount Sinai, the return from captivity, and the dedication of the grand temple,—all evidently done by foreign artists. The lemon-colored columns are enriched by green flowering vines, which grow from Spanish vases filled with earth at their bases. The ceiling is arched and decorated with oriental tracery of the most elegant combinations of Moorish forms, all in silver and gold. The whole scene is a work of wonder and of beauty, and coming upon the eye so unexpectedly, and affording so strange a contrast to the desolation in the outer court and stair-way, the effect upon the mind is like magical enchantment.

But the guests of Sallafiel are not all admitted into this presentation, only those to whom he has confidence, and whom he takes a liking to; for the Israelite has his fancies even among those who seek his abode for aid. Many who enter his door desire to ask a loan have no conception of the interior of which we have just given our readers a glimpse; but turning aside from the landing from which the door into the corridor opens, they are conducted into a test of office, which is as darkened and crowded with old papers and all the miscellaneous second hand wares which go to make up a poor Jew's merchandize, that by day a greasy lamp always casts its yellow and dingy glare around. In a sort of closet to this room is a desk and two stools; and near it on shelves are the books, such as day-books and books of account, all oiled, and smoked, and aged. At this desk the visitor, even though he be a nobleman, will find on his entrance the money-lender seated ready to negotiate. If by-and-by, the borrower need intrance, and they have often interviews, and the exhibits finds it profitable to loan to him, and he fancies him, he gradually confides in him, and invites him into a better apartment, Asaria's study, and sets rich wine before him. If his liking for him increase, on the next visit he surprises him by taking him a room further back, into a handsome library; and finally he invites him through a halt to his private and sumptuous chambers, across the salon we have described. Of course the amount spent of his part in proportion to the favors and the splendor he sees, hitherto carefully concealed from even his suspicions. But there was still an unbeyond; and but half-a-dozen nobles were honored by a sight of the whole of this private palace and but three had so far gained his confidence as to be permitted to behold and be presented to the Israelite's beautiful daughter Asaria, whose fame as presided like a princess over this gorgeous palatial.

But we will not anticipate. Let us, then, have entered the splendid oriental corridor, where singing-birds greet our ears, and the fragrance of strangely delicious flowers, and the sense of revivifying, advance, conducted by the scarlet-turbaned African. We follow his steps, he keeps to the corridor, and see before us a pair of doors, inlaid with richly-polished woods in mosaic, and surrounded by bead-work of burnished gold. The filligo here stops—hands aside—and makes an obeisance with his body low bent, so to win his master delights to honor, and with a graceful wave of his arm motions us to open and enter.

As we pass him to obey, he folds his gold laced flagged hands across his breast, and stands in an attitude of deference.

We touch the door lightly, and it flies open at the sound of a silver bell, which our presence upon the lock sets musically in motion. We see before us a young page, in a suit of rich crimson velvet, with silk of gold, his waving and beautiful hair flowing freely upon his shoulders. He is a beautiful boy; and the arched eyebrows, black as sable, his almond-shaped eyes, long-lashed, and looking as you think steadily, yet interesting expression, which a woman's eyes wet with tender tears have, betray him of the race of David and of Jonathan in whose veins flowed the proud blood of Abraham, ancestry before which the proudest shield among the peers of England should be lowered in homage. He was about fifteen years of age, finely formed, and attractive in every way. He smiled superbly—his pure, even teeth being displayed in all their pearly beauty by their contrast with his olive-tinted and dusky cheek.

"Enter, my Lord," he will say, in a tone of voice like the harp, soft and of a kind to be gently touched upon.

If we are entitled to the supposed rank, we enter, and, if not, we still enter; for as the youth never sees but "my lords" and "princes," he knows no other title of welcome.

We find ourselves in an apartment which is a noble gallery of Fine Art, the walls of which are on all sides elevated and painted of a light, shadow tint. They are hung with rich pictures by the first masters; but carefully is excluded every picture which the best painters of the earth have achieved their glory and fame, viz: subjects related with New Testament history. Here were no "Crucifixions," no "Descents from the Cross," no "Marys at the Sepulchre," no heads of "Christ," or of "John the Baptist;" no "Annunciation," or "Virgin Madonnas." But the historical incidents of the Old Jewish Scriptures had been largely and tastefully drawn upon. In one banished-borderless picture was the life-size representation of young David, with his foot stayed on the slain body of the giant's neck; in another, a "Moses standing before Pharaoh;" in a third, Jepha's daughter, who in threats represented as a magnificent and beautiful girl of female beauty. There is a something unsatisfy, we feel, as we survey this noble and unique gallery of art, and suddenly what is absent appears to us. There is not a statue—not a bust to be seen! The command of the Law, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image" is here fulfilled to the letter by the opulent Jew. The visitor is secured along this beautiful gallery by a door still beyond, but reached by two broad steps, richly carpeted with gorgeous rugs from the costly looms of Ispahan.

The page opens this door, and instead of standing aside, as the African had done, to let us pass, he precedes us, and leads us into the very presence of his lord of all this taste, wealth, and concealed luxury.

We see before us a noble form, Israelitish in every outline and feature, but of the purest type of the descendants of Abraham. The apartment in which he receives us is a sort of private dining-room, tastefully and elegantly furnished; and while books, and a writing-desk, and other little signs of business show that it is usually occupied by himself, there are visible in the inlaid work-table, the silver goblet, the lamp, the flowers in the vase upon a rich malachite table, and in a piece of half-finished embroidery, with the needle still sticking in it, proofs of the joint occupancy of it by a lady of the opposite sex to that of the lord.

The only occupant present now is the Israelite himself. He is seated in a spacious arm-chair of the Russian leather, made in a Persian fashion, and grown, and over his noble brow rose a magnificent dome of exquisite workmanship, blue and crimson veins of which are in graceful forms. Before him, upon a leaf or lectern affixed to his chair, is a large leather book, over which he is intently pouring. The light of a lamp of gold, made as the Jewish candlestick, and placed on the table beside of his notice, as to direct have it fashioned, his beauty upon his head, and his long beard, such a forehead as Absalom, Noah, Adam, the fathers of the human race must have had, upon which the hand of God has set "the seal and impress of a man." His noble, aquiline nose, arching over commandingly his knowledge-big mouth, and chiseled lips, such as Homer's great heroes must have had, were the type which is that peculiar feature of his race, and which would have dignified the countenance of an archangel, were human figures given to those angelic-faith. The beard, coarse black as the velvet of his close-fashioned vest, swept upon his breast mingled with silver threads. His age was about fifty-five, and in form and aspect he was in full possession of his health and vigor. The man we are describing could not entire an emperor's presence without commanding his involuntary homage; and well might the Queen of England, or the Czar of all the Russias, rise at his approach, and receive him as a king from the proud throne of the Jewish kings! In his veins flowed the blood of Abraham and of David! His race is of that line of crowned monarchs on whose brow the hand of God placed the Israelite crown!

Raiden pealed and down-trodden! Nation scattered over the face of the earth! Nation without a country! people without a land! without office, without a temple, without an altar—without anything but that holy page before him containing the Scriptures, and the promises by which they lost! This wonderful people, preserving in two thousand years of dispersion their language, their laws, their religion, their God! This wonderful people, who mingle not with the peoples among whom they dwell, and who dwell among them as if they expected to depart on the morrow to return to their beloved Palestine; how marvellously have you preserved their name, their language, and the blood of their royal line! With a long-drawn-out, yet discreetly hidden kingdom—yet fearing to acknowledge him before the jealous kings of the earth! With a standard of the "Lion of the Tribe of Judah," yet fearing to lift it up and rally around it for fear revenge of the Gentile! With the banished thousand fighting men, all nationalities scattered by every land, yet fearing to draw the steadfast sword of centuries, and strike with the ancient courage of their fathers in the days of the Maccabees and of Joshua, for their homes and their one God! With wealth untold and beyond competition, which would purchase Spain and all her rich isles of the sea, yet fearing to offer a price to buy their beautiful and luxury-flowing valleys and hills from the Saracen who dwells there! A nation waiting for its time! an army daily expecting the sounding of its leader for eighteen hundred years to outset the banner of the Restoration, and to marshal them through the nations! Yet who he plants it upon the rocky summit of Mount Zion, and unfurled by every hand

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natered will be the glory of the nations; and all nations will come to the glory of her rising. Central in position, she will command the avenues of commerce, by the Mediterranean on the west, the Nile and Red Sea on the south, by railways in the east, and to the Black Sea. Seated upon Mount Zion, she will give laws of commerce, of art, of government, of finance to the whole earth !"

"And religion," said Salathiel, who had been regarding with pride and amazement the eloquent flow of his daughter, as he had let slip the last words, which seemed to fall like inspiration from her lips.

"Yes, dear father—the religion of our people shall become light of the human race!" she added, with beautiful faith beaming from her eyes.

The Jew arose and paced the floor for a moment with a proud and kingly step, as if he felt himself already a king upon the Judean throne. The eyes of the youth kindled with joy and hope; while Esther stood with a lightened color, looking a very princess. It was a regal group; and its chief figure bears head at that present juncture of blood than e're flowed through veins of Norman or Tudor monarchs.

Suddenly a little bell was pulled.

It is a means of which we, also, have used.

These were joys and hopes and glories sacred to their race, and a stranger might not intermeddle with them. These moments consecrated from the profane to the dispersed Jew are bright morning stars that light up the gloom of his night, and herald the day that is coming day.

"See, father, who comes?" said the Israelite, resuming himself, and assuming a careless air.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FAIR JEWESS.

The page—for such was the office of the young Israelite in his father's house—went to the door to be received—returned, announcing "Lord Neagle;" and hastily had his name been spoken, ere the visitor himself was in the presence of the Jew. When hearing it, an expression of surprise and dissatisfaction passed over the face of Salathiel, and so he will be seen about to retire.

"Nay, like Jessee!" said Lord Neagle, in a tone partly patronizing and partly gallant, "do not by my presence, Sandy, if Judith were half so lovely as thou art now, it is no wonder that the fastidious Hebrew hid her head!"

The fair maid's face turned scarlet, and she bit her lip, as if her pride resented such flippant address, and she dropped the spoon in the cup, which was well enough conscious that he would not have spoken thus to a high-born English girl, but "she was but a Jew's daughter at last!" Strangely cruel and though her wonderful beauty demanded the profoundest homage of the universe, it did not make him forget that she was a daughter of the "despised race of Abraham!"

Five years the nobleman had been a "patron" of the rich Israelite, so long before having had need of money to meet the necessities of royal dissolutions; but only within the past four months had he so far gained the favor of the maiden as to take wine with him in the sometimes of his palatial abode. The Jew, without doubt, felt a supervanity at his heart in exhibiting to the nobleman who hitherto had known him only in his dark and office, seated at his black, solid desk, and in a coarse gabardine and black skull-cap, and beard unkempt. All this splendor of the interior was doubtless created for other eyes than those of the lovely Esther and the handsome Jew's son, and indeed other eyes beheld it, for at certain seasons of the Jewish year, the wealthier Jews of London secretly assembled by night in this gorgeous apartment, and there, with music and dancing and supper, renewed the splendor of the days of their nation's ancient glory. Wherefore the nearest known as carefully and as well concealed as it may be asked. To seem poor, that the regal tastes which fairer the hinge upon visible luxury, might rest more upon them in the hasis of the Jew, who, having no value nor vote in the government of the land in which he is a sojourner, has no interest in contributing to its support. Thus his private magnificence is the more to be prized as secret and concealed by outward signs of poverty, and even of meanness. Without question there are many such Jewish mansions in the city of London, which vie in splendor with the gorgeous "houses of delight" which, in the days of Solomon, shielded the environs of Jerusalem; palaces of ivory and perfumed wood, which, with all the manner of delicacies for the eye and pleasure for the heart," says an old writer. No people have greater store of diverse, subtle tastes than wealthy Jews. No priesthood weaved clot so delicate and magnificent as the priests of old! No king of such ever rivaled Solomon "in all his glory!" No Roman epicure ever feasted and revelled more sumptuously at his table as Dives the Jew! And at this day, were it policy so to do, there are costly and rare articles of manufacture, of the most delicate and delicacy, and a combination of the useful and beautiful, unimagined and unseen by the world as Saxon and Norman races.

Not only did Salathiel take pride in his noble rooms (the best of which he would not yet entered, and which, to the eye outside, seem but to be dingy warehouses, but he delighted to surround not only to his own people, many of whom could return nearly as equal entertainment, but to the rich Gentile—whom he delighted to honor. "One of those had been recently Lord Neagle, who, to his surprise and astonishment, on approaching, saw evening an invitation to supper with him, in order to receive the last on unopened paper he could make upon his fair disappearing fortune, was ushered, as we have been, into the superb room of the apartments in the interior. But if he was astonished to behold this splendor, and a supper served in a regal style with silver and gold plate, his wonder and delight reached their hight when the beautiful Esther, and such a Jewess, before her unseen, her father simply musing her—

"My daughter Esther, let's have an air!"

The nobleman believed himself in a dream. He could with difficulty realize that it was all real, so unexpected had been the change from the gloomy front of the dwelling, and so assuring the countenance; and then he looked upon a Jewess, before whose beauty King David's princely son would have forsaken the proud Queen of Sheba, and englooked that of the beautiful Jewess whom he beheld in the gardens of Ziyah.

For that Moslah hour of supper the nobleman forgot that the noble-looking maiden was not noble—that, on the scale most of the English peerage, dating from William the Norman, albeit a prince on the royal scale of hereditary pedigree of the "House of the Jewish Lion." From the hight of the throne of her ancestors these thousand years in the past, she could look down beyond the centuries, on the house of Lord Neagle begun to merge from the obscurity of the masses, if their nativity was to be measured by length of descent, who was the more noble? If by blood, whose the most primely? if by virtue, who the most worthy?—If by wealth, who was the heir to the most riches? Surely the proud Lord Neagle did not stoop very low to condescend to converse freely and cordially with the beautiful Jew's daughter at her father's board.

But at times a Jew remark would escape from his lips, or hold loose from his eyes that showed he did not wholly forget that she was the daughter of a money-lender (and pray which is the baser, the lender or the money borrower?—if it comes to casting so close a line as that), and so her sky and make her the victim of his aristocratic love. Time has a hundred eyes given it for its protection, and quickly discovers the dangers that menace it. Modesty has an instinct which takes alarm at evil which others perceive not. The Jewish maiden was through the bad heart of the handsome noble, and she respectfully replied to his questions, and strove to treat him with the hospitality due to her father's guest, she felt contempt in her heart for him.

From that day Lord Neagle became a frequent guest at the Jew's; and what with passing a portion of the evening with Lady Isabel, his then married bride, and the remainder at the Jew's house, he managed to live the life of a honey bee, flitting from flower to flower, and sipping sweets. The wife he forgot to obtain from his own rank; but the mistress from the despised Jews!

But the money which Salathiel advanced him being soon lost at play, and as he had no other resource, and was not willing to apply to the Jew of Bleach, and thence escaped to France, to return with a much fat on his head, he was for some weeks prevented from seeing Kotura, who, the last time he had met her received him with so much reserve as to fill his breast with apprehensions lest she had detected his base motive—as if any woman of truth and modesty could ever mistake the slightest word or look of licentious desire. He knew well that Esther, with her beautiful face and he could be a captivating man: and if Kotura had not been promptly alarmed and put on her guard by its free innocent air might have suffered her heart to have been taken captive, since he supposed her incapable to make love to a man who was of "not and tenor" to love to make her pleased with him. But that Esther, with her face of a Madonna could make her his wife, than was she that he would ever marry a Jewess, but it only increased his passion. Salathiel, confident of the virtue and discretion of his noble daughter, felt no apprehension, and so he met Lord Neagle and Esther together, for he felt a weak pride in having a nobleman for a guest, and a beautiful face to amuse and relaxation, at to fascinate a noble of the realm.

But the flight to France put an end to this settled and unpromising state of the friendship; and thirteen, and we find him now, after many weeks, in a position to receive "my lord" at his house. Lord Lending, a discarded lover and a companion of Salathiel in the debauches of the past, to such love visits may even a noble come at last.

When he had made the promise to Hezekiah Salathiel the nobleman had no more idea of one hundred pounds in advance, he had a desperate hope that it might be procured at play, or by a visit without security, "on the faith of friendship," for loser at play in his debts to large amounts; and who I hear has gone this very night to the city to meet a gambling challenge, from that prince of play, Hezekiah, he would pay handsomely. But the man, if her father play not well with such an one, might be "cleaned out," and the Jew's daughter may yet find herself a bargain, even as I am! A thousand! Pish! Lord Neagle is a nobleman, and he also has not had his sweet conquests among the pretty rural virgins of England can be seriously in love with a Jewess! Yet—yet—I love to watch her like the Jew's avarice, are the virtues of our rank. Innocence which is a shield to the Jew's child is a 'little wildness', while your commoner, guilty of the same, must bear the name! Yet—yet—I love her! Isabel is a prude! She does not understand the privileges of the nobility!

Such reflections, which we have put into words, passed through his mind with the usual rapidity of thought of the heart, had he but time to ask and gold again, he would have spurned with his foot.

I have no fortune to give my daughter, my own people. When you sended money and brought securities, I trusted it. It is my business. I have none for Hezekiah's Gentile!

"Do you insult me, Jew?—mean, insensible Jew! How you have the impudence to say I'm no better all gold! I believe a Jew's heart is a mere! It is all gold! Hezekiah is a Jew, and he will perhaps lend you without securities. The Christian loves lender breaks. Their book of fairies teaches them that. Their book of love, turn out there's gold!"

"Yet you are not a Jew, beautiful Esther, of my rank and name! that I am an earl, and hold degree with the first lords of the realm." He added, with a proud air.

The Jewess bowed.

"Laughter at my progress!" (aside) "You are aware, too, Salathiel, that my fortune is greatly impaired, but not so much as to be a bar to my alliance abroad will place me once more in a position to live as becomes my rank."

The Jew's face was pale and inscrutable.

"But, beautiful Esther, you are not aware that I am of Jew birth—by my pedigree, as the heralds have recorded for you a deep and honorable descent, and by—look not to grossly beggar—a credulous, fabrics of malice. Your charms and virtues have captivated me. I have come hither to-night to offer you my hand in marriage. Will you become my wife—become the Countess of Neagle?"

The face of the young Jewess betrayed her complete surprise. The rich blood mantled her cheeks, and her eyes sparkled with that light of pride and pleasure which ever flashes in the look of a young girl when she feels the power of her passion.

We have said Kotura disdained the young nobleman, not because she could not love him (for he had made skilful use of all the blandishments of our own land of love), we now pause to say that, but because she knew he could not be sincere, depend upon it, he would not have made her love, lest that heart might love fatally and dangerously. But instantly all those premonitions of danger and his declarations. Yet she looked doubtful and hesitating, and feared fully to confess her delight.

"Are you surprised, my love, that I ask you to be my daughter?" said the Jew, gravely.

"Heaven forbid!" said the heart. I will be frank with both. My fortune is imparted, yet not my rank or title. For the fortune you will give your daughter I am willing to share with her my title; but never unless I loved her. That I love the Jewess confessed. Who could help loving one so fair, in whose glorious eyes young Love seems to slumber, dreaming of delight, and the diligent murmur of whose lips is love's broken music."

Conscious of her beauty, Kotura blushed, and stood with panting breast and parted lips, scarcely daring to venture the words that her wishes prompted her to utter.

The wise Salathiel quietly withdrew from the room, and Lord Neagle stood alone with the Jewess. He approached her tenderly, and said—

"Beautiful Jewess! from your heart all doubts. I confess you, and adore your thousand charms. Only my reverses have prevented me from declaring my passion; now, not only at length have I dared, promises as I am, to make known to you my passion, but I have sought her hand, which she did not withdraw. 'Say that I am accepted by you, dearest and best!' Look not coldly upon me!

"My lord, to say you are indifferent to me would be untruthful. But I have schooled my heart not to love you, and have striven to hate you for your pride. But now that you have shown me that my suspicions of your truth were wrong, I will frankly acknowledge and disclose them; but, my lord——"

"What objection now, fair Kotura?"

"The chasm of your rank will not acknowledge a Jewess. I shall, as your wife, though Countess, be despised."

"No! Your beauty and virtues will command the respect of the highest nobility, when we are wedded, your father will leave this place, and take magnificent villa, and live in keeping with his wealth; and if he but say so, he can enter Parliament; for his popularity and wealth will command the unanimous accompany for his election."

But we will not record the further scenes of this brilliant interview, or to say that the nobleman, by tocratic-looking lord, Henry Neagle, left the Jew's house that night, and the heart of Salathiel and of the lovely Kotura, who hitherto, for fear that she should love in vain, would have let her secret pass into the grave, but for the declaration of love that opened all her heart and exposed her hidden wealth. The proud and haughty Salathiel would never had loved Lord Neagle with a deep passion for his daughter's sake, but seeing how far from it, it is a wonder that the nobleman's wife, to whom his father's house, should be his own recovery for his alliance.

TIME.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Time! what is time? A joyous morn, bedims
Thy wrinkled face, but leaves no trace. No pain
With aching eyes and throbbing brow, is thine.
We see a thousand shapes of light and gloom
Floating like atoms in the pallid breeze
Of mortal memory, but they neither year
Is all unseen. From thence we safely turn,
And, gazing on the future, ponder, and
Dim, comeless forms teeming from its dark
Unfathomed caverns in the lonely hours
Of earthly being, but the coming years
Are all to come. And thus we live between
Dim gaze above, around, beneath, and we
Are but the things of Time. Time is the robe
Of the new-spring-time and the autumn bright
Of his stern presence rocks upon our souls;
We feel the awful spectre reach our bowers
With his cold, death-like finger; and we hear
His tempest-mingled cry through our ears.
From all his mighty doings on our earth;
And yet he has no form to clad in gloom
Or shadow on our sight.

JOHN BRODIE'S WIFE.

A STORY OF THE TWO "PANICS."

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"Marry her if you will, sir; but the consequences be upon your own head. Mind that!"

And John Brodie, as he thus spoke, gazed sternly upon his son. He was very angry, and his lips were compressed and quivered like those of a madman.

"She must be my wife, father," John Brodie returned, calmly and decidedly.

"And if you set at naught a father's authority?"

"You have no right to put the question in that way." the young man said, supplicatingly. "You know very well that in all things else I will submit to obey you. But not in this—not in this. I cannot. I love Alice Darcy—I have loved her a long time —and I cannot sacrifice my whole life of joy and peace for coming life to a false, pernicious idea of fashion or expediency."

"Very well, sir," cried the old man, with a waive of his hand. "Go! I will disinherit you. Marry with ballet Ogden, and a hundred thousand dollars are yours. Marry with this low girl, and—*not one penny!*"

"My father—one hundred thousand dollars cannot buy your son!" And the young man spoke proudly. John Brodie turned from his parent's presence.

There was a gleam of pride upon that father's face as he gazed upon the erect, handsome form of his boy; but it faded quickly away, and the old man came down with a stamp, as though he would crush forever the emotion he had for a moment expressed.

Silas Brodie had refined from business, and in was very wealthy. John was his only child, and he had long held a plan for a "brilliant alliance" for his heir. He had even made some arrangements with the parents of Isabel Ogden for a union between herself and his son. Hence, when he found that John had stepped his ancestors' pride, and come to marry a poor, unknown girl, his rage was deep and bitter. He would not allow that his son should have the low girl apprehended for robbing his son of its inheritance would stop it in some way. But when, in the end, he found that he could not stop it, he took as much cash that he would disinherit his child if he persisted in his rebellious course. We have seen the result.

In the home of no humble artisan, and engaged in knitting, sat Alice Darcy. Her pure, spiritual face was lighted up by a happy smile, for a little child—a child of her only brother—nestled on her side. Alice had been spending the winter in the city with her brother, and had intended to return in the spring to her home in the country, where she had been living with an uncle, her parents being both dead.

In a little while the child went away, and then Alice stopped knitting, and bounce and and thought.

"Eh? How now, Alice, my darling?" cried a stalwart man, of some forty-odd years, as the child's garb bore upon it the dust and wear of toil. "Why so sad? Eh, sis?"

"Sit down, Tom, and I will tell you."

So the brother sat down, and Alice, for both his life sister's hands in his own. There was an earnest, honest, loving look upon his face which gave Alice confidence at once.

"Now what is it?"

"I'll tell you, Tom.—I must not——"

"Not what?"

"Not—not——"

"Oh, fudge! Don't trouble so, and tell me what you want to say. You mean to say that you mustn't marry with Jack Brodie?"

"Aye, Tom,—the very words I would have spoken," returned Alice, feeling her heart and trembling more violently still.

"Why—what a silly girl. Pooh! Nonsense! Look up here, darling mine. You don't know what you're talking about. Not marry with John? And why not?"

"Because," said the sister, with more composure, "I shall only rob him of his inheritance, and then he will disinherit him."

"And what then?" John Brodie has made his own selection; and let me tell you, he has made a good one. When I started out to learn his true character I found him all that I could wish for the husband of my sister. And I found out one more thing, too: I found him to be worth enough to count all the gold of all the world as down and a curse were heaped up in the shape of gain, and offered to him if he would sell his heart. No, no—John Brodie loves you too well—yes love him too well—you would both be miserable if you were to leave him. But then I know you won't. John won't let you."

Just as Tom spoke John Brodie entered the room. The latter took the brother's seat, and was then informed of what Alice had been saying. He gazed into her beautiful face a moment, and then he clasped her to his bosom.

"Never?" he cried. "Love me? Oh, every hope of joy in the future is centered in you. Leave me? You cannot. Together, with youth and health, we'll start up Life's hill, and never our own way. Say, love—you cannot deny me?"

She did not.

John Brodie took sweet Alice Darcy for his wife, and, true to his promise, she did not cost him off, and even closed his doors against his disobedient boy. John was poor, for his still loved the old man who had been his father. But the young man had one happy. He had found a wife more valuable than houses and money, and he knew how to prize her. He went to his father once and asked that he might be received, not as his heir, but as a child; but he was indignantly rejected.

"But you will love me some time again," the young man said.

"Never!" was the parent's response.

John went on more to his father's home. Alice did all in her power to make her husband happy, and she succeed. And she did more. She helped him in his business, and encouraged, and sustained him in all his efforts.

In a few years fortune smiled upon John Brodie. He had saved enough, with his wife's help, to go into business, and an excellent opportunity was found. All the young merchant's ventures proved favorable. Gold came to his coffers, and he grew rich.

In course of time John Brodie was the group of four children about him—three daughters and one son—and his home was one of affluence and solid comfort. He had placed his gentle Alice at the head of a costly establishment, and the future promised much.

When Alice's oldest daughter was sixteen the mother received word that her old uncle—the one who had brought her up—was dead, and that all his property was left to her. It amounted to a farm worth some five thousand dollars, beside good buildings, farming utensils, good stock of cows, horses, pigs, sheep and more.

"We do not need it," said John Brodie.

"But I shall keep it nevertheless. Who knows but the time may come when our boy may need a home. I'll keep it, John."

A good man was obtained to live on the distant farm, and from that time John Brodie almost forgot that there was such a thing.

A few more years sped on, and then came a cloud over the business world. The cloud grew more heavy and dark—the lightning-bolt followed the storm—and then came a crash. Banks closed, and ships; men arose in the morning worth tens of thousands, and retired at night paupers. Such a panic—strong words become weak and tottered; a magnificent business scheme fell through in a day, carrying their projectors down in its ruin as a piece of rose and dissolve went up from the land.

John Brodie came home one evening and sank into a chair. He was pale and wan, and a death-like damp stood upon his brow.

"I know it all," whispered Alice, while laying her arms about his neck. "You have lost your fortune."

"Aye," the mournful groaned, "every penny!"

"I all but, John! Have you forgotten the farm?"

"Nothing, Alice—nothing! I have but thirty thousand dollars by our side, and that will not secure by the failure of a single house. I am ruined! Oh! I could bear it for myself—but for you —my wife and children——"

"What is terrible?" asked Alice, in a whisper. "Tell me, husband."

"Ruin of what?" said the wife, eagerly and earnestly, while her arms clung closer about her husband's neck. "Are we not richer than we were when we were happy in our earning of life? See our children——"

"Aye—and are them suffer!"

"No, no," cried a chorus of voices; and more warm arms were about his neck.

"But, Alice—my wife——" Never so happy as now if they can but help you to happiness. You have worked for years for your children—tell them what was it worth after it was done? It was worth to us only our sustenance. It was not worth the love of one of those children, and not equal to the smile of peace that shall still be ours."

"But no home!—no home!" groaned John Brodie. "This place is already sized."

"But we would not leave it if we could, my dear husband. We have a better home. Come with me—with your children—to our home in the country."

John Brodie's children of your Alice are not pained. I have taught them to love the home of my childhood; and in all our misfortune we have not learned to love the gaudy show and empty fashion by which they have been surrounded. John —you shall feel your children warm in the country."

The stout man wept when this soft influence of devotion beamed upon his soul, and in the depth of his sleep he knew that his wife and his children were anxious to get away upon the farm.

As soon as possible John Brodie settled up his affairs. He gave up everything, and his creditors, when they saw that he had no more, let him go.

But John Brodie could not go without one more attempt to regain his fortune. He took up to the home of his boyhood, but the stern old man would not see him. The aged parent's heart had become a'part of his very soul, and he would not relent.

So John went away and was unhappy for a while, but the smiles of his own loved ones soon brought joy to his heart.

In due time John Brodie reached his wife's farm. It had been well taken care of, and was in excellent condition. A neat white cottage, with green blinds, half hidden by large cherry trees; a long expanse of docile, and wood-bearers, and meadow-land lay before it; a white stable, and beyond that was the large farm-house. Here the husband and wife found the five stones, while the rest of the farm lay in beautiful order, and was covered by wood, and in other places dotted by the grazing herds.

"Now if we only had a little money to begin with," said John, after he had been over the premises.

"I guess we can raise enough," returned Alice, with a smile.

"How? Where?"

"Why—what do you suppose this farm has been doing for the past five years?"

The husband gazed eagerly into his wife's face, but found no clue.

"I have received five hundred dollars a year for it," she resumed, "and I have it all safe in my pocket now. I drew it out from the Savings Bank two weeks ago, that, I suppose, doing my share towards creating a panic."

Alice drew out twenty-six hundred dollars and handed it to John. He looked at the money, then into that still sweet face—and then his head was pillowed upon her bosom.

John Brodie's farming progressed famously, and he soon earned himself that independence which can support his family. In a little while new strength came to his every frame; new color came to the rounding cheeks of his children, and to the face of his Alice came back the old joy and smile of other days.

What would induce you to go back to the turmoil of the great city, John?" Alice asked, when they had been a year in their new home.

"Only one thing in all the world could induce me," the husband answered, while he stood with both his hands upon Alice's shoulders, and gazed into her still handsome features,—"only one thing in all the world—the happiness of my wife and children."

"And if they were happier here?" Alice said, with tears in her eyes.

"Then not all the world beside could hire me to leave this happy retreat."

Time passed on. John Brodie's head became gray, but his step was firm, and his frame strong. His daughters were all married and doing well, while his son, now grown a stout man, had taken the farm and succeeded to it. And all this, all upon the head of Alice seemed only new rays of glory about her love, and the fire furrows upon her face were only harbingers of future smiles and happy joys.

And the farm had been productive, too. A railroad had brought it near to the city, and in the one item of fruit much money was every year realized over and above the expenses of the family.

Twenty years after the John Brodie's home in the farm, and then came another cloud, lightning-bolt, and crash upon the financial world. But not upon mined men. Those who, like John Brodie, were snug, with loved Alice by his side, and read in the pictures of the terrible wrecks of fortune in general about him. His thoughts ran back over twenty years, and he remembered that other storm when-in he had been wrecked. So he had sympathy for those who suffered now.

And the same spirit in the great world of business, and by-and-by a new wreck was thrown upon the shore. "Panic" was the cry. "Hard times!" For years he had prided himself upon his wealth. Now he prided himself upon his wealthy, and he had not feared this one. But of late, to keep down memories which haunted him, he had dabbled in stocks. He speculated—and fell.

And when all was gone—when the ruin was complete—he came to look for solace to the wife forth from the city. The autumn wind blew his gray locks back from his sunken cheek, and his frame trembled as he moved on.

John Brodie sat in his library, and Alice was by his side. The door was opened and a little boy—a child of about six years—bounded into the apartment.

"*My father!*" cried John, starting to his feet.

The child paused, and his trembling hands and murmured.

"I am—I—we are! Our, are we!"

Alice took the boy by the hand and led him out.

An hour passed, and then John Brodie came forth leading his father by the arm. Both had been weeping, and both looked as though years through over that elder face still lingered the traces of regret.

"Alice," spoke John, "this is my FATHER!"

The old man seemed fearful at first, but when he saw that Alice was there to greet him as before she had no more doubt. She gave him both her hands, and the new-comer stopped his head and was pillowed upon her bosom. In a little while he sweetly, with her arms about his neck, said—

"Love me—love me—and I'll bless God for the rest! Love me both, and I'll bless you while I live!"

And when the old man was tenured of their love, and his own forgiveness, he looked around, and said to one a knowledge of the love of my wife and children, which I had never fully appreciated before. Here is my home—my children—and may for this present crash of ruin, when it has given me to see a father's face."

"Oh! we should be very grateful," said Alice. "But you will not go back to the city again in this eyes as he did so. "Grateful!" he repeated. And then he wound his arms about his wife's neck, and their lips met between open fire-place.

Ah—that was still his great gratitude—his great joy—for great hope—for LOVE!

WANTING IN LOVE TO EACH OTHER.

BY OLIVER SINCLAIR.

Oh! there's a throne to make each dream,
And power to make each hope
Twine round the heart that feels one fear
Which is wafted from the flow'r below.
Nor seek we high for things that are nigh,
Forgetful of the gift of a loving eye.
Selfish and blind is the state of the mind
When wanting in love to each other.

Oh! there's a pain to make each man
Heavy with grief and sad;
Nor need he be cruel to better his home
World of sorrow and strife he finds at his side.
There's plenty of evil on which to toil,
And add to the weight of woe,
Would men be but wise, and especially rise
In loving and aiding each other.

Oh! there's a way'gt make each day,
And prayer to make each night,
Bright as the moon and the sun's afternoon,
With love for the spirit of light.
There's plenty for all, the great and the small,
And plenty of room for each other.
We too often waste in our hurry and haste
By wanting in love to each other.

THE WHALE:

ITS DISEASES AND ITS MARINE ENEMIES.

The gigantic denizens of the deep are subjects both to disease and deformity; some having been found in which some entirely black, and others completely disorganized, and the whole accepted by the ordinary spouting condensity, and rendering it certain the while must have been deprived of vision for a considerable space of time, yet not so as to incapacitate him from feeding. Blind whales being found as fat as seeing ones, doing for the past five years!"

The husband gazed eagerly into his wife's face, but found no clue.

"I have received five hundred dollars a year for it," she resumed, "and I have it all safe in my pocket now. I drew it out from the Savings Bank two weeks ago, that, I suppose, doing my share towards creating a panic."

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"Then not all the world beside could hire me to leave this happy retreat."

Time passed on. John Brodie's head became

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

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REMITTING MASTERCRAFTS.—We will not return unpaid manuscript.

MEDICAL SCIENCE.

It is urged, and it is needed, Reformers, we believe, truly, that medical science does not keep pace with the other sciences, with even the best industry of the age. Yet, upon a careful examination, judging the science as we do others—not by the malpractice of quacks, who find it easier to kill than to cure, nonsense under the medical, than any other equally well established science—but by the theories and practice of those truly entitled to rank as scientific medical men, we shall find a very decided progression in the front rank. The human body is better doctored, admitting the axiom of quickery. than the human mind, either by theological, moral, or philosophical science. We have said that quacks did suffer more in the medical profession, but there are plenty of them in other professions. The reason why the medical quack is the safest, is simply because people are willing to swallow pretty or poison in pills and tinctures, when they will not swallow them in argument, and it is vastly more difficult, when the pill is down, to convict a "believer" of unintelligible. It is intangible, while the lawyer's speech, the parson's sermon, and the politician's argument live in memory and on record.

The genuine medical man—genuine from his intelligence, experience and conscientiousness—is one of the most beneficial agents of society. He is more than he is devoted to his profession and science, or quackery cause with more enthusiasm and zeal. He plunges into the fever-stricken hospitals, exposed by the plague-stricken, carries from couch to couch at the call of disease, in every form and maladies, in every intense hour, at the slightest opportunity to increase his knowledge of the medicinary of human life, and his power to alleviate human ill and sufferings.

To know what this genuine medical man has done for his science, we need only look among the records of scientific discovery and invention in our age. Look at the perfection to which surgery has arrived. Assume that he has not the natural springs of sympathy, and their whole complication. An European professor of great eminence in the practice of fancy years, announces that during that period he has spent nearly seventy years in a course of as many thousand experiments, at last determining that electricity in the human body moves throughout or vertically, instead of in circles, as heretofore understood.

Of what good is all that we are one. Why, if for nothing else, to prove that medical men would dip to be called scientific, are constantly bending their energies to a more and more perfect knowledge of the laws and economy of life, and the conditions by which they may be preserved. Why, within the century past and passing that the chemist, the anatomist and the prescriptionist have taken hold of the human body, and laid all its secrets bare. Here a little and there a little, from life-long study and experiment, the intelligent system of practice in our day has been attained. All honor, we say, to the medical practitioner, for that which every community is more or less infested. Those shameless creatures will ever flourish and boast than with a fair show of confidence, and, with their hands thrust deep in their pockets, declare, in a pleasant and complacent tone of voice, "Well, this has been the hardest day I have ever experienced! It is impossible to do anything in Wall street. I have paper backed by the best names in the city and cannot get a dollar on five per cent a week, but they didn't get it. No, sir; I don't stand any such a game as that. I don't care for any paper that is not gilt-edged." By the way, if you'll oblige me with $25 till 1st, 64, I'll be much obliged to you, and will endorse it in gilt and forging, and enjoying the panic as they have enjoyed nothing else for thirteen years. We look forward to the restoration of credit and business to a state of soundness and activity, as a great and glorious consummation of the panic.

Then comes the quack, with his pills and his tinctures, and his brazen front deep in their pockets, declare, in a pleasant and complacent tone of voice, "Well, this has been the hardest day I have ever experienced! It is impossible to do anything in Wall street. I have paper backed by the best names in the city and cannot get a dollar on five per cent a week, but they didn't get it. No, sir; I don't stand any such a game as that. I don't care for any paper that is not gilt-edged." By the way, if you'll oblige me with $25 till 1st, 64, I'll be much obliged to you, and will endorse it in gilt and forging, and enjoying the panic as they have enjoyed nothing else for thirteen years. We look forward to the restoration of credit and business to a state of soundness and activity, as a great and glorious consummation of the panic. Whether or not the author of "Valentine Vox" overwrought the picture, we will not pretend to say, but certainly created a deal of sensation and some inquiry; and reasoned it to be a veiled fact that private mad-houses were not only in existence, but that some of the practices for which they were kept were the results of the medical quackery. If any filial children or relatives wished to get parents or friends out of the way, so as to secure some of the fortunes and privileges they had only to cramp up certain medical certificates—easily got for money—and handle the patients over to the care of a private mad-house. As large pay was required and given to the keepers of these lonely beds, their proprietors were better than to quarrel with their interest by telling out their secrets. Persons who had no madness other than a mad tenacity for life, and hence stood in the way of heir-expectant, found themselves suddenly thrust into a lunatic asylum, where they generally spent the balance of their days. If inquiries were made outside, the inquirers were pacified with an account of the patient's case, and if any one demanded a personal observation it was easy enough to get along with him, for it is notorious that a real lunatic is an asylum dwells very much as a sane person would on the great wrong and injustice of his case. The more vehement the kidnapped, therefore, the more evident his insanity.

We believe that certain expensive extinguished many of these institutions in England, so that at present it is not so easy to get rid of kindred who leave made fat wills, and will not die off to please heir-expectant. But it seems that the seed of a bad social fruit has blown across the Atlantic and rooted in our free soil. Touching the Agitation brought under notice in our courts, public condemnation of its character from the evidence thus elicited. It is certain that the existence of such an institution was news to thousands, but we should judge that if any one found anything out, many others may be scattered over our country. And though there be nothing necessarily evil about them, if be quite right that they should be made sneaks agents of evil purposes—of revenge, of necessary desire, and other guilty passions. If they are good and useful, publicity can do them no harm; if bad, the sooner they are removed the better. We trust that none of them are of the "Valentine Vox" sort.

GIVE THEM WORK!

It is a peculiarity of the best advice, that it is always given when too late. Men generally find time to do some men—when they are too old to use it. Such are the advisers given to the present excess of society in times of public distress like the present. Lately, working-men have been abundantly exhorted to practice economy, temperance and other impossible virtues. But now thousands who have never known want, and never to be hugged of, and the thousands who have saved a little out of their wages to better times are exhorted to be mindful of duties to themselves, which want compels them to think of and practice daily. To urge poor men in hard times to practice economy is like the reading of a homily on patience to a person suffering with the toothache, or a lecture on the agony and adds insult to injury. Instead of lectures, our operatives want work, and instead of advice, they need food and clothing.

With the prospect of a severe winter for the poor before us, our first duty is to advise, not the poor, but the rich, and every one who has the means of giving employment. Some persons are hardly dealing on the part of those who have abundance, with poor men in their employ. Not loving men to steal idle when they could employ, they encourage the increase of that dangerous class of men who have acquired with the title of "loafers," and in the end are bound to support them without work—but by the direct and end. In hard times no employer should curtail the of no small of his expenses, unless for the purpose of giving employment to a larger number of workmen. There is bread for all; profitable work can be provided for all. Not a man who should be compelled to go idle and live on charity, even in hard times, and in the depth of winter.

ABOUT SHUTTING UP WIVES.

The question is much agitated just now as to whether a husband has a right to shut his wife up in a lunatic asylum, if she is insane, though she be thinks she needs physical or moral restraint. We take the negative. We have known of the wife, for any cause, needs physical or moral restraint, he should make the fact known to the nearest relatives, or friends, or if she has none of these, then to a judge of the Supreme Court, and ask them or him to preside in the determination of the case, after a full and gentle investigation. A loving husband, or even a husband, better than decent degree of the better traits of our common humanity, would do this, or something equal to it, to if, of his own accord; and an exasperated husband, who believes his wife insane, and who is jealous of her, or who hates her for any cause, is the last person in the world who should be permitted to control her in any way. Based upon her moral and mental sanity or insanity. A husband has rights which no sensible man will course maintain; but his wife has rights that are equally sacred, and to which the Ledger will be at all the very kernal of those rights when they become conflicting, and to adjust them with perfect fairness, the following general principles governing action is necessary. No man incompetent to take an impartial view of his own wrongs, and that no man should be permitted to redress his own wrongs in his own way. It is the province of the law, through its constituted officers, to investigate, to judge, to give redress, and to punish. We have no sympathy with the doctrine that a man has a right to incarcerate his wife whenever she displeases him, or that a wife has a right to shut prompt him to do so, under the pretense of "solicitude for her welfare."

THE LOVERS OF THE PANIC.

The "hard times" are a blessing to the tribe of speculators, borrowers and professionals, for which every community is more or less infested. Those shameless creatures will ever flourish and boast than with a fair show of confidence, and, with their hands thrust deep in their pockets, declare, in a pleasant and complacent tone of voice, "Well, this has been the hardest day I have ever experienced! It is impossible to do anything in Wall street. I have paper backed by the best names in the city and cannot get a dollar on five per cent a week, but they didn't get it. No, sir; I don't stand any such a game as that. I don't care for any paper that is not gilt-edged." By the way, if you'll oblige me with $25 till 1st, 64, I'll be much obliged to you, and will endorse it in gilt and forging, and enjoying the panic as they have enjoyed nothing else for thirteen years. We look forward to the restoration of credit and business to a state of soundness and activity, as a great and glorious consummation of the panic. Whether or not the author of "Valentine Vox" overwrought the picture, we will not pretend to say, but certainly created a deal of sensation and some inquiry; and reasoned it to be a veiled fact that private mad-houses were not only in existence, but that some of the practices for which they were kept were the results of the medical quackery. If any filial children or relatives wished to get parents or friends out of the way, so as to secure some of the fortunes and privileges they had only to cramp up certain medical certificates—easily got for money—and handle the patients over to the care of a private mad-house. As large pay was required and given to the keepers of these lonely beds, their proprietors were better than to quarrel with their interest by telling out their secrets. Persons who had no madness other than a mad tenacity for life, and hence stood in the way of heir-expectant, found themselves suddenly thrust into a lunatic asylum, where they generally spent the balance of their days. If inquiries were made outside, the inquirers were pacified with an account of the patient's case, and if any one demanded a personal observation it was easy enough to get along with him, for it is notorious that a real lunatic is an

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

Two of my books translated into German. It's all very well to talk about the "compliment" and "the honor," and all that sort of thing—that sounds very grand indeed. I'm not going in these "hard times," to thank anybody for putting their fine finger and thumb into my pocket, and helping themselves to the contents of it. I am a proud boy while they are doing it. Why don't they do the handsome thing by an author? Why don't they? We have an international copyright law? I've got the law translated to the subject. Fudge for the "acute"—fudge for "illiberality"—and "quiet-but-severeingly"—and "not-treachery"—and "letting grass grow"—and "currency"—and much fudge why don't those Congress fellows leave off tossing straws, and right an architect.

I have no doubt now that Buchanan takes his three meals a day, and digests them too, all the same, as if those foreigners hadn't their cribbing paws in our literary pockets, just in and your one. He has his invariable nap after dinner, and has the cool impudence of it—he is the idea that what's given away yours. Then a magnificent property can be secured by a patient, and a purging book can.

I won't stand it.

I'll take a leaf, and go round and collect the daily orders for it. I'll take up a position in the most open situations to it that I ever had enemies, and right in

MAPLE AT AUTUMN.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"Burning, yet not consumed!" Oh, wondrous tree!
Or Moses' rod, or else for us miracle-born!
The blaze of martyrdom is on thy head,

And mournful are, methinks, the words in thee bear:
Yet dost thou cheer to flame in enchantry,
More than when Spring-ky bedecks thee most,
Or all thy pompon'd leaves at Summer's sky,

Each with a proud, deep hundred shades,
Did to the life betray exulting heart.
So wouldst would not thou? Thou wouldst not die!
Proud of thy beauty and the admiring host,

Yet, Maple! sorrowful as thou art,
While thou dost hatch the time they return no more.
October 25th, 1859.

THE PIONEER PATRIOT;
OR,
THE MAID OF THE WAR-PATH.
A STORY OF THE MOHAWK VALLEY DURING THE REVOLUTION.

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CHAPTER XVI.
THE SUFFER FOR A LIFE!

When Philip came to his senses he found himself upon his back, with his arms lashed firmly to his sides, and his legs bound at the knees. It was broad daylight, but he was beneath the shade of a tree, and lying upon the grass. His head ached severely, and there was intense pain in his limbs, but when he had become able to think more clearly, he knew that the pain he felt was little compared with the lashings upon them. He tried to break them, but they would not yield. It was just in this juncture that he began to think where he was. Had he been dragged from the fort? Had the garrison been taken during the night? These and all like ideas cut upon a minicus, and others went with him. He went for lunch.

Ah! the truth burst upon him. He remembered the tussle; with Isabel—the struggle through the wood—the conference in the little ravine upon the edge of his fame—the wild howl of the savages—the delay of Isabel's friends—the fear—how to start in pursuit—the filling of his boat—the blow upon the head—the last struggle in the water—then with the new sunlight bursting upon him! He remembered it all. Was Isabel a prisoner? He could not tell. He hoped not; and he had ground for his hope, for he had seen her far away from the fire, during the whole fight.

As soon as the youth had called all this to mind, he turned his head to gaze about him. He looked first to the right, and saw a dense thicket of wild-wood, with the trees towering, and the vines hanging upon the point of turning to the left, when the sound of voices fell upon his ear. They were savage voices, and they spoke the Mohawk language. Philip knew the tongue very well, having spent much of his leisure time, for years, in learning it of friendly Indians. They were not far from him, and had not yet discovered that he had come to himself, for they would not have spoken as they did had they known it.

"No. He must not die yet," said one, in a decided, and somewhat authoritative tone. "English pounds as much gold as we can get, we find none. While man's scalp good, but while man's money better."

"Good!" grunted a second. "But where is white man's money?"

"You know old man—in Sir John's company—Isaac Bradbrook?" asked the first speaker.

"Yes," returned three or four voices in concert.

"Well—he got money, and he give it for prisoner."

"How you know that?"

"He said so. He sent men into our wigwams to tell us so."

"Then we keep him," was the response from half a dozen voices.

"Eh—He's mine!"

As one of the savages thus spoke, Philip heard a sound as of men leaping to their feet, and in a few moments more a number of dusky faces were peering down upon him.

The white man found his master!" asked one, who seemed to be the speaker of all. "Ugh!"

"Yes," groaned the youth. "Oh! loosen these bonds!"

"They hurt, eh?"

"Yes," much."

The red men conferred together a moment, and then two of them knelt down, and unbound the cords that confined the legs and arms of the prisoner. They then bade him to arise, and when he had gained his feet, he staggered like a drunken man. His head seemed ready to split open with pain, and his eyes were wrought frantic.

"Red men," he said, as soon as he could command his speech, "I am your prisoner, but I hope you will not be cruel. My head is very painful. Have you not a medicine man who can give me some herb that will make me better?"

Again the Indians conferred together, and presently one of them went off into the deep wood. The youth was permitted to sit down upon a log, while his captors moved off a short distance, and regarded him silently. In the course of some fifteen minutes, the two who had gone returned, and in their hands they bore the green leaves of a tree. Some of these were pounded up and bound upon Philip's head where his hair had fallen, and the rest was made into a drink, which was the greatest bitterly, for his lips and tongue were parched with thirst. He drank the potion off without fear, and though it had a bitter, pungent taste, yet it was not unpleasant. In half an hour he felt a decided sensation coming over him, and slipping off the log, he lay down upon the grass, and was soon asleep.

When he awoke again it was dark. He moved over upon his side, and as he did so the low growl of an Indian fell upon his ear. He raised himself to a sitting position, and found that four of the savages were watching him. The moon was up in the west, so he knew it must be early in the night, for the bright crescent sat at an end.

"Will you give me water?" the prisoner asked. One of the Indians arose from the ground and went away, and when he returned he bore a wooden bowl in his hand. Philip took it, and found it full of pure, cold spring water. He drank it off, and as he lay back upon his grassy bed, he could feel that the pain had left his body. His head felt sore, but there was no pain within the brow, save a throbbing sensation in the temples, which kept time to the beating of his heart. Under the influence of the copious draught, the parcel of the skin were opened, and to the perspiration began to start forth, he felt chilly. He asked for a blanket.

One of the savages left of his bands and fists, and said, "*Ugh! good!*" and then went and brought a padded quilt, or coverlet, which Philip at once recognized as one which must have been taken from his home. However, he was glad enough to get it now, and having wound it about him, he lay down once more, and was soon asleep.

The prisoner did not awake again until morning. The sun was up when he opened his eyes, and the Indians were close by, engaged in an earnest conversation, but which was stopped, however, as soon as they saw him moving. In a few moments two of the savages came forward, and one of them had a set of English irons—handcuffs and shackles for the ankles.

"These white man's things," remarked he who had them. "They no hurt like the tight thong. Hold up your feet."

Philip suffered the irons to be put upon his ankles without a word, for when he found that they were going to secure his limbs behind him, he did not like it. He told them they could just as well tie his hands to before him.

"Ah, Yankee, you no get away if we put your hands at your back."

"But how can I get away with my hands before me, if they are ironed?"

READY FOR THE RACE-PRICE.

"Ugh! Put one more on here, white?" returned the savage, with a shrug of the shoulders, and a horrid contraction of the face. "Put on nice one—big feet ain't—hidden, you can tell him. One more—ugh!" And, with another shrug of the broad shoulders, and another shamelessly horrible wrinkling of the ugly face, the red savage walked away.

He had been gone but a short time when the two Tories and the chieftain returned to the parleying, and Guy Bradbrook advanced to where Philip Lancy sat. The young Tory came to within a couple of yards, and there stopped, and folded his arms upon his breast. It was a trying moment to the unfortunate Patriot. He returned the bad man's gaze a full minute ere a word was spoken.

"You came and took Isabel Carlton from me, did you?" Guy finally said, in a hoi, hissing tone.

But Philip made no reply. He had resolved not to speak, if he could help it. Nor did he look at his foe, but cast his eyes to the right.

"You did it very finely, didn't you?" resumed Guy.

Still no answer.

"Did you have to enjoy her yourself? Did you hope to revel in her charms?"

The evil man, significantly.

"But that was in self-defence. I was first attacked. My own life was threatened."

"Ugh! We s'pose so."

"Surely you do not hold revenge against me for that?"

"O—no no care. Kill 'em all if you can. Kill Sir Johnson's Indians, and that's be chief."

"Are you next to your chief?"

"No."

"Then how would you be chief if the Big Mountain Ash were killed?"

"Ugh! S'pose me kill him brother!"

Philip gazed into the face of the savage, and from the expression on the same log with him, he was sure the fellow was only trifling with him. Still he could have asked no more than he had, as he desired, for at that moment the sound of coming steps was heard, and very soon a dozen more savages made their appearance. All the party were not alone: With them were two white men—Sir Guy Bradbrook and his son.

The Tories had advanced to the open space where the Indians had encamped without knowing that the prisoner was there, or, at least, their behavior would seem to so imply, as they stopped suddenly upon seeing the young man apparently quite disturbed. However, they put a bold face upon the matter, and turned their faces the other way.

It was at this moment, for the first time, that Philip Lancy fully realized the terrible danger to which he was made subject. There had been a hope in his bosom that the red men might be bought off with money. But if the Tories were the most silent

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some one in deep distress. Philip stopped and listened.

"*Help! O, help!*" came, in painful accents, from the wood; but from which point our hero could not at first determine.

He bent his ear more attentively.

"*Oh! I die! I die! My wife! My children! Help! O, help!*"

It was an American's voice, and of course a Patriot; for why should a Tory be left thus? The youth knew that the voice proceeded from the left of the path, and he immediately plunged into the thicket. He forgot his own danger now that the cry of distress came from another. He had not gone but a short distance when he came to a narrow path made by the cattle in going to and from a spring not far distant, and by the side of it he saw a sight that made his heart sink with pain and horror. It was a man, in the prime of life, with the blood from his flayed head pouring over his face, and two deep wounds upon the body weeping the life away! Not a particle of hair was left upon the head, the knife of the scalper having passed below it all.

"Who are you?" the youth cried, sinking down and taking the poor man's hand.

The unfortunate looked up, and having wiped the blood from his eyes he returned,—

"Philip Lancey—don't you know me?"

"No," said Philip, reluctantly. But as he spoke he took his kerchief, and wiped the blood from the man's face; and as he did so he recognized an old and valued friend. His name was Arthur Colton, and he had owned, or did own, a farm next beyond the one which Robert Carlton had originally bought. He was a stout, generous, noble-hearted man, forty years of age, and Philip knew that his family consisted of a wife and three children. His farm lay at some distance from the route the invading army under St. Ledger had taken, so that it had escaped until the present time.

"My dear Colton," the young man exclaimed, seizing his gory hand, "how is this. Are you badly wounded?"

"Look at my head!" was the faint reply.

"Aye—but we may cure that. 'Tis not impossible. What are these other wounds upon the side and bosom?"

"Fatal, I hope!"

"What?" uttered Philip, in surprise. "You do not wish to die?"

"Aye. 'Tis my only hope of joy!"

Colton gazed into the youth's face a moment, and then reaching forth his hand he asked to be raised up. He was lifted to a sitting position, and having overcome the first pangs of pain consequent upon his being moved, he said,—

"Oh! I can hardly realize what I have seen since midnight! When my clock struck twelve—the last twelve o'clock that ever was—I lay in my bed hopeful and contented. In one short hour afterwards my cot was in flames, and my wife and children butchered before my eyes! Oh! my God! what a sight for a husband and father! The Indians came, and they said I had harbored a prisoner of theirs. I assured them I had seen no one but the members of my own family,—nor had I. But that was only a subterfuge. They came upon an errand of blood, and they performed it. My wife and three children—my sweet, beloved ones—were all stricken down before my door-stone, while I, with my hands bound, was forced to turn my face towards them. They cried—'*Father—save us!*' And I could not help them! O! O! O!"

Colton bowed his head and groaned aloud. By-and-by he resumed,—

"When the bodies of the four precious ones, all scalped and bloody, had been thrown into the flames, they took me along with them to this place. Here I managed to get the lashings from my arms, and then broke away from them. But I was overtaken—and—here I am, as they left me an hour ago!"

Philip felt sure that the Indians who had done this were the ones from whom he had escaped, and that he was the prisoner of whom they had spoken to poor Colton, but there was no need of telling this to the dying man.

"How long since the savages left you?" asked the youth, with averted eyes, for he could not bear to look upon Colton's flayed skull.

"I should think it must be an hour. I am not sure. My brain is not clear. Yes, it must have been an hour. But what of that? What of that, I say, infernal wretch? Do you think I don't know you? Do you imagine I have forgotten you? Aha—I remember! I remember, you thrice infernal fiend! I remember!"

Philip sprang back to avoid the grasp which Arthur Colton made for him, and for the moment he was lost in astonishment. But the next words solved the mystery.

"Give me back my wife! Give me back my children! Give them up to me, fiend! O! O! O!"

The poor man's reason was gone! The terrible calamities of the night, with the pain and agony of the present, had set his reason in utter night, and snatched away his memory. But his sufferings were nigh to their end. As he made a second grasp at Philip he fell forward, utterly exhausted, and was unable to rise. The youth lifted him up, however, and set him against a tree.

"Arthur—Mr. Colton—what can I do for you?"

The unfortunate man gazed vacantly into the young Patriot's face, and a gleam of intelligence was perceptible through the gore upon his features.

"My wife! My children! Come—come to me—I can save thee! Wife!"

He spoke no more. He put forth both his hands, and there was an effort of the fingers to grasp the empty air. He fell over upon his side, and his arms sank down like masses of lead. Philip attempted to raise him once more, but when he had lifted him partly up he saw that life had wholly fled. He laid the gory body back, and had just uttered a brief prayer, when a wild, terrific shout broke like a thunder-clap upon his ears. He started to his feet, and sprang backward, for he saw a dozen horrid faces of paint and blood peering out from the wood upon him. But the movement he had made availed him but little, for he only sprang into the arms of a powerful savage who had at that moment emerged from the thicket behind him!

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE TOMAHAWK.

Ere Philip could make a movement in self-defence, he was pulled over upon his back, his hands forced down behind him, and there lashed firmly and securely. Then he was roughly lifted to his feet, and the first red face he met with was that of the chief—Big Mountain Ash—the one from whom he had fled but a few hours before. The Indian gazed into the youth's face for some moments without speaking. He did not seem to be angry, but rather pleased to think he had found his valuable prisoner.

"So Philip Lancey run away, eh?" he grunted, at length.

"I did," returned our hero, fearlessly; "and I should have escaped had I not stopped here."

"Ah—you too sure. Indian not fool. Me know you go where *she* is; so we guarded every path to the fort."

"*She?*" cried Philip, eagerly. "*She?*—in the fort? You mean Isabel?—she that was with me when you attacked me first?"

"Yes," said Big Mountain Ash, with a dubious shrug of the shoulders. "The baby-girl—child pale-face—about which two big young white men ready to fight to death! Ugh!"

"Do you know she is in the fort?" the youth asked, without noticing the chief's sarcasm.

"Yes. Red war-chief no lie!"

There were strange and conflicting emotions in our hero's bosom upon being assured of Isabel's safety within the fort. He had been making his way towards the fortress, thankful for his supposed escape, but sad with the thought tha the maiden was in her tyrant persecutor's power. But now came the knowledge of Isabel's safety, and with it the fact of his own re-capture. In one short hour he might have been within her presence! Why had Arthur Colton called him away? Why were not some of Willett's men scouring the woods? Where was Jocko? Why had the Indians come back to that spot? Why had he not taken the river-path, where the savages would have been less likely to lurk for fear of the soldiers from the fort? These, with many other questions of like import, passed through the prisoner's mind as he gazed around upon his dusky captors.

"You very sharp for white man," the chief said, eying the youth curiously. "You crawl out from your blanket, and leave him looking like there be a man under him. You very sharp. But you no crawl out any more. No.—Ugh!"

And Philip believed him. There was a look of determination upon the red man's face that was not to be mistaken. He watched the prisoner narrowly, and his thoughts were written on his face. He turned to his followers, and called upon two of them to come and remain with the bound youth, and then he went to where the rest stood, and commenced an earnest conversation. Philip could not hear what was said, but he could understand that there was a difference of opinion upon the subject under consideration. Two or three stout warriors seemed impatient, while the chief endeavored to reason with them. The youth watched them eagerly, and finally saw that the leader had carried his point. Ever and anon during the conversation furtive glances, accompanied by significant gestures, had been cast upon the prisoner, so that he had no doubt as to the subject they had thus disposed of.

And it was a terrible thought for the unfortunate youth! Had he known less of their intentions, he might have been less certain of their meaning now; but knowing, as he did, the result of Bradbrook's visit, he could find no room for doubt upon the proposition that circumstances presented now. The more impulsive and reckless of the Indians said—"Let's kill him at once, and have done with it!" But the chief said—"No. Wait—We'll have a war-dance about him, and offer a sacrifice to Manitou!" So ran the thing in Philip's mind.

Our hero had counted eighteen of the Indians, and they were all of the party whom he had left on the night before. They were all stout, fine-looking, physical men, and all Mohawks. Shortly after the conference had broken up, the chief gave the order for starting. Two men were sent off in advance, while two more were directed to fall in the rear, and keep a good distance behind. This was to guard against surprise, for there might be scouting parties out from the fort. The prisoner was placed near the centre of the party, with two men particularly appointed to guard him, one of whom walked behind him, while the other, when the path would permit, remained by his side.

Thus they moved on at a quick pace, taking the very way by which Philip had come, only keeping on to the left when they had reached the point whence led the path to the secret ravine. Ere long they came to the place where they had camped on the previous evening, and here they were joined by six more, who were in waiting. They expressed much satisfaction upon seeing the prisoner, and Philip learned from the few remarks which reached him that these six had been out upon a different route in search of him, and having come in bootless, had remained there, according to previous arrangement, to be joined by the rest.

Without waiting long they moved on to the west-ward. They had gone some half-mile or so, when the rear guard were called in, the chief thinking it more safe to move on the rest of the way in a body than to be spread out over a large space.

It was near noon when the chief gave the signal for stopping. They had entered a little valley, or dell, through which ran a small brook, and which, from the peculiar feeling of the atmosphere, Philip knew must be near the lake. It was a lovely spot, the vale itself being free from wood, save here and there a huge linden tree, which lifted its heavily leafed branches high above the banks. Upon either hand on the gentle slopes the trees stood more thickly, but without underbrush of any kind; while away to the south-ward swept the vale, in a gentle curve, just sufficient to shut out a view of the sparkling waters of Oneida. To the north, the glen took a more abrupt turn, losing itself, at no great distance, amid rocks and trees, from which the brook burst forth with a wreath of delicate foam.

Even Philip Lancey felt a thrill of momentary admiration of the beauties of the place; but the sensation was of short duration, for as he saw the chief draw several of his men apart, and converse with them in an eager, business-like manner, his mind fell back upon the terrible fate that awaited him.

Ere long the conference broke up, and some half-dozen of the savages joined hands, as if by an instinct, and commenced to dance a wild, fantastic figure, in which they exhibited a horrid joy and a fierce exultation. They shouted and yelled as they swung around in a circle, and their bodies were thrown into all sorts of ugly and ill-shaped contortions.

By-and-bye the chief gave an order for quiet, and then approached the prisoner. There was a peculiar scowl upon the dusky brow, which seemed almost to merge into a smile of derision as it reached the lips. But the paint helped give a repulsive look to any expression he might assume, so there was little chance of detecting those finer and more expressive lines which the soul draws upon the features.

"Philip Lancey—look at me!" he said, in a gruff, guttural tone. "What you think you are here for, eh?"

"How should I know?" the youth replied, with a perceptible tremor.

"Why—you very sharp. Me think you know right away."

"I have guessed what you would do," returned Philip, throwing off all signs of fear. "I have guessed that you would do by me as I have always done by your people. You know how that is very well. The Mohawk warrior never passed my door hungry that I did not feed him; never did he come weary that he did not rest; and never came he with a proper want which remained unsatisfied when he went away. I know," the youth resumed, gaining confidence as he saw how patiently the chieftain listened,—"I know what Nathan Bradbrook has promised you; but let me assure you that I can afford to give more for the prize than he can. I will give you just double what he has agreed to pay you."

"Prize, Philip? What you mean by him, eh?"

"This!" answered our hero, placing his hand significantly on the top of his head.

"Ugh!—Big ears! How you know?"

"I know it very well; and I pledge myself to give you for this just double what Bradbrook offered. Surely you will not refuse."

The chief looked the prisoner in the face for some moments, and finally he said, with an extra shrug of his shoulders,—

"Ugh! You know too much. You no business with so much in here," placing his finger upon his brow. "But never mind. You don't know Indian chief if you think he sell his word."

"I thought I knew the Mohawk chief well enough to trust to his honor and gratitude."

"*Gratitude*—bah! You white people love to *talk! Gratitude!* Who's got it? Only they who can make it worth money. And you say, *honor*. What is he? Where white man's honor? In shooting down every Indian he find? Yes—yes—yes,—that is white man's honor! You may be very good. I hope you be, for then you may go up there," pointing upward. "But if you aint, then me send you down—down—down—where cold weather never comes!"

"Noble war-chief, may I not hope that you will have mercy? May I not hope that I can——"

"Bah!" interrupted the savage, with a stamp of his foot. "Don't be a woman! Do you see up there?—that sun that makes it day?"

"Yes," replied Philip, in a despondent tone.

"Then hear me—I tell you now all: If that sun shines in heaven—if it makes light for the day—if it shines upon us now—you will die in one hour!"

"No! no!—you will listen to me! I will give you——"

"*Scalp!*" yelled the chief, interrupting the youth with another ugly stamp of the foot. "If you want to be a woman we kill you as women kill. We put a gown on you, and then dance around the Yangee woman!"

Philip could say no more. He had no more to say. He knew enough of the Indian character to know that the decision of the chief was final and unalterable. The red man gazed sternly into his face, and he, in turn, assumed a sterness full as firm and lofty. All hope of life was gone. From what he had just heard he could as confidently make up his mind as he could have done from the parental promise of his own father. That the Great Ash could be bent from his purpose of death he simply knew was impossible. With this assurance our hero cast off every appearance of fear and trepidation, and became as calm and stern as one who has achieved a mighty conquest. If he must die, the savage foe should not have the grim satisfaction of seeing him wince beneath their torture.

The chief saw the change, and in a less savage tone he resumed:

"White man has a God—I don't know how much his God can do; but if you think he would help you, you may have a little while to pray to him."

With this the savage walked away, and Philip bowed his head. He would have given much for the use of his hands, for it seemed to him then that if he could have had his hands to rest his brow upon, he could have been more calm and contented. But he could not have them. He asked for them—he said they might bind his elbows together in welcome if they would only let him have his hands and wrists before him. But a negative shake of the head was the only reply he could gain; so he gave it up as a hopeless case. Yet he prayed—he prayed earnestly and devoutly. He prayed first that his soul might be taken to heaven, there to join his sainted mother. Then he prayed that his father might be spared yet many years, to live in joy and peace. Next he asked that his noble brothers might return to their home in health and safety, and be spared to bear their aged and infirm father softly down the hill of life. Next—and with a deeper, tenderer thrill—he prayed for Isabel. He asked God to free her from the foul touch of the wicked Tory, and keep her pure and spotless. And last of all, he gave his petition for his beloved country. He asked that she might be delivered from the tyrant's rule, and that those who now fought so bravely might live to see the fruits of their labors, and be satisfied in the full possession of a home, free and independent. After this he uttered one short sentence: He gave himself into the hands of his God, and asked that he might be saved from the fearful death which awaited him if such a thing were possible; and then he sat down upon the grass and resigned himself to his fate. Escape was beyond his power. He had looked upon all the surroundings, and he saw too plainly that there was no possible way of gaining his freedom.

It was now near noon, and some of the Indians manifested considerable impatience. They wanted dinner, and they would have any work that was to be done before that time despatched at once. The chief arose from the place where he had been sitting, and gave a low, mumbled order to those around him. In an instant, the whole party were upon their feet, and having drawn their tomahawks they brandished them above their heads, with shouts of exultant joy.

The leader approached the prisoner, and ordered him to get up. The youth obeyed, and when he had gained his feet he was taken by the arms—there being an Indian upon each side—and led off after the chieftain, who stalked on in advance. When they stopped it was beneath a large linden, which stood near the rocks at the head of the vale, and the stout branches of which mingled with the branches of the trees upon the bank. The trunk of this linden was all of twelve feet in diameter, and flattened a little upon the surface that faced the vale.

Philip Lancey was led up, and his back placed against the huge trunk. Then stout cords, made of untanned deer-skin, were passed around at his knees, his thighs, and his shoulders. These were carried twice around the body, and so secured to the tree that the youth could move nothing but his head.

"Do you mean to torture me?" the prisoner asked, wondering what manner of death this movement betokened.

"Don't know. Guess not. See how much courage you got," returned the chief.

"But what do you mean by this? I am not a coward; but I am a man, and as such I cannot wish to be put to unnecessary pain. Surely you have no desire for any such thing."

"Bah! I hate you!" the chieftain cried, clenching his fists, and grating his teeth like mill-stones. "Yesterday morning, when the sun was all ready to rise, I had a brother living—a brother that I loved very well. But he never saw that sun; for just as its bright streams were pouring up into the heavens, your foul hand laid him low. A brother, and a sister's son, both fell by your hand. They meant you no harm but to stop you, and yet you slew them!"

"They attacked me wildly in the wood, with their war-cry upon their lips. You do not mean to claim that as a cause of revenge?"

"Bah!" uttered the chief, with an impudent, insulting look.

Philip blamed himself for having allowed his fears to lead him to ask anything like mercy again at the red demon's hand. He raised his head proudly up, and cast into his captor's face a look of defiance which could not be mistaken.

"White woman ask any more?" said Big Ash, ironically.

"Only this," returned Philip, with a flashing eye: "Speak to me no more. Let me not hear your voice again!"

The red warrior-captain stepped back, and as he did so the air was broken by a whirring sound, and a gleaming tomahawk whizzed past the prisoner's ear, and buried its edge in the hard tree, within two inches of his head!

The blood fled quickly from Philip's cheek, but not a nerve quivered.

CHAPTER XIX.

A SAVAGE SPORT, AND HOW IT TERMINATED.

Philip Lancey knew too well the meaning of all the care that had been bestowed upon the selection of the place for his death. The savages were fond of exercising their skill in throwing the tomahawk, and an occasion like the present was to them a season of strange delight. They see the poor victim dodge and wink, and quiver and turn pale, and each demonstration of fear fills them with wild hilarity. At the time of which we write they used often to devote white prisoners to this sport. There was no fun in toying thus with one of their own blood, for the red prisoner could not be made to even wink. Knowing that he must die, and also knowing that every demonstration of fear or weakness on his part would only add to the joy of his enemies, he set his muscles and teeth with an iron will, and let them play on.

Philip understood all this, and as the first tomahawk whizzed past his ear, the fearful truth flashed upon him that he was doomed to be the butt of their fiendish sport! He knew he had paled when the fatal weapon struck so near him, but it was with sudden excitement of terror—not with fear, for all of fear he held was bound up in the mere thought that, so young, so full of hope, with the joys of opening manhood all in store for him, he must lose his life in such a manner. 'Twas not mere death. Ah, no. Could he have met the grim monarch in the battle-field, with the stroke for freedom sent effective from his hand, he could have died content. So could he have resigned his life calmly and hopefully upon a bed of sickness, with friends about him, and the smile of sympathy to light his dying hour. But thus—away in the deep wood, with only a savage foe about him—made the butt for cruel sport—his life purchased by a villain of his own country, and his bones to be left to whiten in the sun and dew when the wild beasts should have torn his flesh away—all this was fearful indeed!

But the noble youth resolved that they should not see him wince. Not far distant there was a large bush, which grew upon the edge of the brook, and which bore a tiny white flower in large clusters. Upon this Philip fastened his eye. "It is to me a type of Heaven," he said to himself, "and every circumstance that shortens my poor life brings me nearer to it." With this feeling he braced himself for the effort. He could watch the flower tree, and see the Indians at the same time.

The savage who had thrown the first tomahawk ran forward and pulled it out, and then stepped back.

"Who can beat that?" he cried, as he resumed his place among his companions.

"I can!" returned a tall, straight, powerful fellow, stepping forward and swinging his weapon above his head. "You were well nigh a hand's breadth off," he added, regarding the prisoner's head as though it had been some wooden block set up there for a mark. "Look to this!"

As he spoke he raised his tomahawk high above his head, with the back towards its mark, and then, with a quick depression of the wrist, as he sent the weapon flying from his grasp, he turned the head downward, the handle being straight in the air above it, which position it kept until it struck the tree. A loud shout went forth as the dull "*chuck*" broke upon the air, for the hatchet was fast in the tree not over an inch from the prisoner's left cheek! But they watched in vain for the show of fear they had expected. Firm and undaunted the youthful Patriot stood, an expression of contempt curling about his finely chiseled lips, and his handsome face as calm as though he slept.

"Ugh! no woman yet!" muttered one of them.

"Wait!" said another. He stepped forward as he spoke, and his tomahawk performed a single circuit about his head, and then flew from his hand. The head of the youth gave a sudden start towards the very point where the hatchet had struck. Aye—it had pinned a curling tress of his dark hair to the tree.

A wild yell of delight sounded through the narrow vale as this exhibition of skill was seen, and while yet the tones reverberated amid the hills, a fourth hatchet flew from its owner's hand, and a lock of hair from the other side was driven into the tree before the edge of the weapon. The hair was cut by the sharp steel, but still the ends were wedged in between the blade and the trunk. The youth's head was now fast upon both sides, and peal after peal of uproarious delight broke upon the air. Philip could have set his head free by a slight motion forward, but he did not make the attempt. He waited until the tomahawks were withdrawn, and then his head resumed its wonted position.

Two or three savages were upon the point of stepping forward, when the chief made a motion for them to remain behind, and as he did so, he moved to the open space himself. He bore in his left hand four tomahawks, and a javelin or short spear.

"Now, Philip Lancey, say your prayers!" he uttered, in a threatening tone.

But Philip was impressed upon the instant with the firm assurance that this was only said to frighten him, for there were many all prepared to try their skill, who would not so readily give up their chances. So the words lost their intended force, and the youth did not even turn his eyes upon the speaker. He could see his every movement, however.

With a graceful effort, the chief hurled the javelin first, and its sharp head pierced the tree directly above the prisoner's crown, and as the little shaft quivered from the concussion, it touched the dark hair. Of course the Indians all yelled loudly. Next the chief let fly a tomahawk, which struck by the left cheek, clipping a stray lock of hair in its course. A second hatchet came within an inch of the right ear; the third cut the cloth upon his left hip, and the fourth cleared the garment upon the opposite side.

The whole party danced and yelled with savage glee at this proof of their leader's skill, and when the din had subsided, the youngest of the party was called out. He was the son of the chief. There was a peculiar stillness—a sort of hush which seemed to pervade the very atmosphere—as the youthful Indian came forth from the crowd. Quick glances were passed from one to another, and ominous looks were bent upon the prisoner. The young savage bore in his hand a stout javelin, and in his girdle gleamed the sharp scalping-knife! He was not over eighteen, but tall and muscular, and his step was firm and confident.

Full well did Philip Lancey know that the sport had ended, and that this Indian youth was about to revenge his uncle!

"Remember your noble uncle!" spoke the chieftain, in the Mohawk tongue; but every word of which Philip understood. "You know where his heart is. Let your spear-head make two hearts of it!"

A faint, sickening sensation came over the young Patriot's heart, and for the first time he groaned aloud. He could not help it—all the fear that for the past few hours he had kept under subjection now asserted its power, and his fortitude came very near forsaking him. The youthful executioner stepped quickly to his place, and having measured the distance with his eye, he raised the spear above his shoulder.

There was a solemn stillness o'er the scene, and even the gentle breeze, which had been murmuring through the surrounding foliage was hushed for the while. Philip uttered a quick prayer, and closed his eyes. His heart was still as death, and already he felt in imagination the cold steel driving through his bosom. He had just closed his lips with a firm pressure, and bowed his head in resignation, when there came, from some point overhead, a sharp, wild, unearthly shriek, cutting through the still air like the alarm of some Tartarian monster, and filling every soul with terror!

The spear dropped from the young Mohawk's hand, and with a quaking frame he staggered back to his father's side. The trembling Indians gazed up into the tree, but they could see nothing.

"Beware!" spoke a voice, in pure Mohawk. "Strike, and you die! Harm but a hair of the white youth's head, and I shall be to thee as a vessel of anger and wrath! Beware! Beware!"

The voice surely came from the sky. It was a deep, solemn voice, and the Indians were sore afraid. Their superstition was aroused, and beneath the influence of that principle they were as very cowards in the face of danger.

"'Tis Manitou, and we have made him angry!" gasped the Big Mountain Ash.

"Let us search the tree," said the Indian who had prepared the herbs for the prisoner on the first day of his captivity, and who was a noted medicine man and conjurer.

"Is it not Manitou?" asked several at a breath.

"I think not," answered the medicine man, whose own profession of duplicity and cunning naturally led him to detect it more quickly in others.

"Let us search the tree," he repeated. "The voice came from there, and sounded very much like a voice not native to our tongue!"

But the object of the "voice" was gained, and the savages had been deceived just as much as there was any need of. As they started to advance towards the tree, the reports of a score of rifles broke upon the air, and a dozen of the savages bit the dust. At the same moment a ponderous body dropped from the tree close by the prisoner's side, and Philip uttered a quick cry of joy as he beheld his faithful Jocko. The negro cut the lashings with his knife, and when the youth was free, he fell upon his serving-man's bosom, totally unable to stand. The terror of the past few minutes followed by the startling events of the present, so completely overpowered a system already suffering from an old pain, that both strength and reason were for awhile on the wing.

But there were other actors in the scene beside Jocko and his master. The Patriot soldiers who had thus opportunely burst into the vale, rushed forward as soon as they had fired, and gave chase to the fleeing Indians. One by one they were picked off, and the last of the murderous gang, who had plunged into the lake, was shot by one of the Patriot riflemen. Not a soul of the scalpers was left to tell the tale—not one. They had been met in their trail of rapine, of blood, and of devastation, and swept away from off the face of the land they had so bitterly cursed!

It was past noon when the Patriot party were all assembled about the linden tree, and as soon as Philip began to revive, he asked for drink. One of the soldiers presented his flask, but it contained rum, and the youth could not bear it. But one of the men had some wine, and when Jocko had mixed it with a goodly portion of water, he drank it off, and soon felt better. A little food was eaten, and then he drank a small quantity of pure wine, and ere long his mind was not only clear, but his strength began to return.

There were twenty-nine soldiers in the party, all stout, bold men, and they had started out with the determination of finding Philip Lancey, if he lived.

"We couldn't help coming. If death had stared us in the face upon the moment of setting out, we should have come," said the lieutenant who commanded the expedition. "To see that noble, generous girl so worked upon by fear and agony, and to hear her eager appeals, was more than we could bear. She gave the colonel no rest until he promised that you should either be found, or some reliable tidings gained concerning you."

"You mean Isabel Carlton?" murmured Philip, unable to conceal his emotions.

"Certainly," replied the officer. "She said you risked your life to save her, and she declared that she would call for volunteers, and lead them forth herself, if none were sent out otherwise! You see a party was sent out on the morning of her arrival at the fort, and they searched the woods in vain."

This did more to revive the youth's drooping powers than could have been done by any amount of medicine. It gave a new energy to his soul, set his heart to a stronger motion, and sent the tide of life coursing through his veins with a genial, health-giving force.

"But how did you find me?" Philip asked of Jocko, after the lieutenant had closed his account. "How did you escape? How did Isabel reach the fort?"

"You want de whole story, mas'r," suggested the negro, smiling at the number of questions his master had put together.

"Yes—tell me all you can."

"Well—jus' listen, an' I'll tell yer. In de fus' place, on dat mornin' when de Injuns cotched us nappin', my horse wouldn't do noff'n de right way, not for ebber so long. I got off arter Miss Bella, an' would a gone wid her all de way, only I couldn't jus' den t'ink it war right to lebe you. Howsumebber, I seen de sargent cotch up wid Bella, an' I know'd dey war safe, for dar hosses war sound, an' dey war well off in de woods. So dat p'int war settled. Miss Bella war safe, an' I

turned arter you. *I jus'* called one ch de aigters as wer a gwine home at a full gallop, on account ob de proximity ob de Injuns. He stopped, an' I axed him to take my boss 'cause I was a gwine arter Miss Phillis. He took de animal, an' I started arter you. I axed yo' fah, an' I axed de redskins pint yo' yo an' carry yo off. I hid in de wood, an' followed as clos'e as I dared to. I bring wound in de tall trees all day, an' I seed yo when yo' fust come to. All dat night I war not more'n forty feet offen yo at any time, but de 'larnal bloody redskins kept so clos't to yo 'at I dern't come no nigher. When de moon war up, I crawled down, an' went off arter some wild fruit—some berries, and dem cone back agin.

"I found a gum-vine, an' I made de fort dat bere'e chemin', only I bere'd 'em say sumf'n 'bout Mary Braidlewah, an' I war afeared dey might pull up stakes my moment. So I war der when Braidbrook an' Guy came, an' I clum 'round whar I could hear de ole white gemman. He bought me one hundred pounds to kill Mare's Phillip Lancey. Dar war sumf'n' for me to do. But what was it? I didn't wait long. I jes' t'ought a bit, an' den, bagin' de good would look out for me, I went to de ole Jocko war gone, I started. But I had troubles. I had to steer clar ob Injuns; but I git to de fort arter a while, an' when I tell 'em 'bout it dey don't a company right off. Dar war fifty men in it. I war mighty glad when we set off, for I knowed I could lead 'em right dar. An' I did it, but dar wa'n't no more 'dar,' nor no Injuns. We hunted half de night, an' den de injuns swore dey'd go to de fort. I tole 'em to go 'long if dey war afeared. O—dey weren't afeared—O, no. Not a bit. But den dey'd rudder be mag in de fort dan be out in de wood. I rather reckon dey did. Dey war a heap ob 'em; an' I dern all alone.

"When de rose rose de mornin' I war up by our old home, an' while I stood dar a look't 'round I see war sum fire out on I war gone. I took a look in de wood clar way down de hill. I run wid all my might, but arter I could catch up wid ye I come right slow, 'cause I no knew how de war. I seed how dey'd gon dis cattle for sarfin; but I jus' gub a-grieving into de wood, an' run through de woods, an' I seed de gib Indn. I seed yere from 'em easy enuff, an' den walked 'bout to git on de trail ob yo' white.

"Well—dey did git out on de way; but—my eyes!—how dey made my mate wid 'em, an' I bore'd some ob 'em talk as how you'd got away from 'em, an' I war clar't by when de chief set de rear guard, an' I tuck mad 'bout an hour arter dey start, an' de rocky brook by de lake. I didn't foller ye no furder, 'cause I no knew de way, an' I war afeard I'd kurnal how you was. I found Miss Bella wid him, a hangin'—O, a sigh—for Mare's Lancey and arter Phillip Lancey. And I seed yer poor old father too; an' he war all clear tears an' tribulation. Remembrance! I take my stan by Kingy an' I start out ride to work an' fetched out dem men per me all bound. We started arter ol', and I reckon we got as we could. I found de trail, an' I could 'a' fol-lor'd it if I'd a-knowed what dey was agwine, for dey didn't take no care to hide dar tracks. Dey slicks war broke, an' de grass war fresh trod in de day arter.

"Bum-bye I come to de place, an' put my head cher de bush to lay behind when I seed ye, an' I jus' in time to see de chief wit his arm full on spoons an' bobbins, gittin' ready to try his skinner on you. I know'd he war only tryin' to see how nigh he come to ye an' not hit ye. I jus' clum' dat ar tree on de bank, an' I 'low'd if dat 'ar Injun big one, an' widout a hit ob noise I got rite over yer head, in a place what de grass war tall, an' reach'd Click dat de redskins couldn't see me.

"I tell ye, honey, I seed dat 'ar Injun start out I war mind o' shoot'd, for de scirpe hadn't come up. When we got what I knowed dat I'd be a fool to run alond as fast as I could; and it's lucky I did, for dat ar spear 'ud a been in yer heart afore dey'd been up. Den when I seed dat scirpe war all set I sprar'; and when I hoo'd his feeder tell him to make bes haste out de de scirpe war a-comin', for I knowd I must do sumf'n. I heed de scirpe a comin'. Den I gub out sumthin' tell, an' reped to de Mohawk lingo to 'um. *Dat's all, mun!* You seed all de rest.

Ben Jocko had thus concluded his story, the youth blessed him with tears of gratitude in his eyes, and Master Lancey black was more than repaid for all he had done.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

GIVE ME THE PEOPLE.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Some own shadow of outward show—
Some love no pleasure but in pelf;
The business of my heart I know,
If I can win the people to it!
What's all the world, that shrewd world,
When fresh it be hard or haughty feeling?
Whatever suit it, that suit I,
In truth of heart, and manly dealing!
Then be those men, whose minds are clear,
Whose darkness vanish, and try to win it—
Give me the people to be with,
If I but win the people to it!

A lonely road may give no guest
That lovely flowers are often hidest;
And trees, where'er the road is dark,
May yield us fruit, and bloom the surest!
There's wealth in every human mind,
As ever adorned a fellow student;
Then be those men, whose minds are weak,
Whose wealth is but of wealth—content!
Then be those men, whose minds are weak,
Have feeling's current, and try to win it—
The honest to our hearty be,
If I but win the people to it!

DOOMED.

BY MARY W. STANLEY OSBORN.

CHAPTER I.

Perhaps no peculiar woman ever trod the deck of an outward bound vessel than Edith Montrose. Pride was apparent in every graceful word and motion—in every one of her straight, haughty features it reigned supreme. She looked askance at her fellow-passengers as if she would hurl the back; and apparently little mistook with the scrutiny, Edith her attendant around her, and seemed less self by the side of her mother with a wearied air.

To her the family groups around the deck were as nothing. The seeming things did not exist—she was, at no distant day, a slave. A man who, though at the constant command and exercise of her presence, as he gazed his last upon the fading shores of America, was yet a creature in the power over her which could only end with death! A man who was to bring to her certain woe and misery, wherever she had learned to love him—yet whom she was doomed to love. It would have been terrible to one who knew all this, to watch her, as she sat, in unconscious security, almost within reach of his contravened hand!

Like a statue she remained in her seat during the long, bright afternoon. Her mother, already suffering the pangs of sea-sickness, went below, and consigned herself to the care of her maid; but Edith, after being desired to leave her, returned to her old seat, and leaning her head on her hand, looked fixedly out upon the water all around her. There, for the first time, James Dartmouth saw her. It was an hour of intense, pleasant excitement to see the deck of fifth flash bright as his approaching step, so much as the earnest eyes, that fixed themselves upon his face whenever he was speaking. It flattered his vanity—it may be it slightly touched his heart; for Edith, with her strong, impassioned nature, was a being formed for love. But, while she was growing huge pier day by day, he knew too well what the end would be. He knew that while her heart, he said to himself, by his commonplace attentions—he must not do it. Yet every moment it grew more fascinating by her side; every sunset gilded their favorite seat as they sang together the hymn to the Virgin, and the moonlight as they walked up and down the deck, turn in arm, conversing in low tones, and utterly unmindful of the mirth and gayiety of the other passengers, who had watched the rise and progress of their acquaintance with the greatest amusement.

One night, however, came when James Dartmouth sat alone in his accustomed seat. The mother of Edith had been able to leave her state-room. A perfect Bedouin in nature, she had hovered around her child, apparently quite unconscious of the observation of others. The sullen, close-looking and agreeable and, stood talking with Edith, who, with her mother's head pillowed in her lap, leading her mother to the cabin again. She came up, bending on his arm, and laughing gaily at something they had said to each other. James Dartmouth, leaning against her chair with folded arms, looked down upon her as she came, and came to meet him at once, and laid her hand playfully on his shoulder, and bade him welcome.

"So far gone in the blues!" she said, lightly. "Why, I've had a word to spare for an old friend, Mr. Dartmouth?"

He took her hand and turned around. The beautiful smile she lifted so well, had gone out of his face—they looked dark and dark, and gloomy.

"You, Miss Montrose.—I have many more, by the way, to say to you in time. Will you sit down? I have much to say to you."

Thank you. I prefer standing."

She leaned against the rail, looked up in his face.

"What have I done, Mr. Dartmouth? Are you angry with me?"

"Angry with you? Oh, no, my child!" he exclaimed, bitterly, "I am angry with myself, Edith, with myself I am very angry."

"Why?"

"For the cause, Edith."

"Then tell me all."

"I will."

"Yes, I am very sure you can say nothing to me that will displease me, Mr. Dartmouth."

"Oh, my little Edith!" he groaned, "you are right, though, after all, I cannot say what I wish to, and what I must say."

"What can you mean?"

She looked up at him from her, and looked at her, with a sad smile.

"Edith, what do you were yonder, do you know that I was steered enough to be jealous of the captain; of your mother, even, because she kept you from me, and monitor, with a sigh.

"I did not forget it," said Edith, in a low tone. She laid her face, which was pale, on the back of the railing—that jealousy—has taught me to see where, however, I have been blind. Edith, in four more days our voyage will be over."

"Four days!" he answered, with a sigh.

"And then we part forever, my child. That is the way with all which makes life beautiful. No more of this, Edith, no more of this!" he said, as tides from our grasp. But we will not forget all which has been sweet to us, Edith, will we?"

She did not answer; but a large, bright tear, which fell from her cheek, told here, spoke for her. He looked much moved.

"Edith, Edith—do not unman me. The parting hour comes, and you must help me to be brave bravely. Yet I would not have you forget me. Your memory will be to me as a star in a future more fondly than of any one on earth. When, in the dreary hours of sorrow, I look up to heaven carelessly—when you hear a stranger say "he is dead"—oh, Edith, wherever you may be—however happy your lot—for one day of sorrow remember me—turn away from them all, and in silence breathe your prayer for my repose. Will you do this, Edith, will you promise to do this?"

"Oh, why do you talk this to me?" she cried, clinching down the robe that shook her whole frame. "Do you not see how unhappy you make me? I could not live if you—I die!"

"It is true, Edith! If I had not yet years ago, my child, my stranger and happier man, it is possible that you could have loved me?"

"I have loved you."

He looked at her and smiled. It seemed like a flash of triumph to think that he, whom prime of life had already passed, could still win the love and young a heart. Edith caught the smile, and grew bolder. "I will love you," she said, and she turned away.

"And feel fruitful that my cares and sorrows should cloud one moment of your happy life, Edith, no—let me a lighter as to me as a child.

"Let me go!—oh, let me go!" she cried, pitifully.

"But till you have assured me that you are not angry with me, I cannot go. Edith, you know my fate you forgive me for every pang I ever inflicted upon you. If I were free to love you, Edith, I am not! Think of me as a man who has suffered much and sorrow, dear Edith, and we may yet be happy together."

"I will—but, oh, let me go now!" she murmured, in a tone of despair. "Oh, let me go!" she cried, for me to-night, before you sleep. It will be a blessed thing to have my name and the child in prayer."

Oh, was there need of this request? Had a single night passed since she had first known him, when his name had been omitted as she knelt before Heaven? Edith, she saw him rise, and with his hand convulsively, raised it to her lips, and hurried away. The next day brought the voyage upon her pillow that night.

And he? With his hurried kiss still burning upon his hand, he walked the deck till long past midnight. Quietly, but swiftly, the good ship went her way—the waves were silent beneath her, and sky above his head was bright with stars. The moon, which had risen at an early hour, at last were too dim with tears to watch the sea or sky, as he leaned upon the stem of the vessel and thought his own dark thoughts.

CHAPTER II.

They could not meet again as they had done. It may be that a stronger tie bound them to each other—but it was a tie never to be acknowledged —never to be named. And Edith, as she stood up and down the deck the next morning, alone, for the first time, wondered what he could have alluded to—wondered why he was not free.

"I will ask him to explain, to-day," she thought to herself. "After all I have said to him, I am surely entitled to a knowledge of his position—and some want may I will have it."

With this determination fully formed, she waited impatiently for appearance. The morning was passing away and he did not come. Just as she was about to resort the deck, however, in a fit of impatience and despair, she saw the physician come toward her, with a card in his hand.

"For you, Miss Montrose, I believe," he said, with a good-natured smile. She read it eagerly as he was speaking. Only a few words were penciled there, but they were words of peace and hope to her.

"I am ill," he had written. "I may not see you till to-morrow, and I am glad to cling to your beautiful hymn to-night. I shall leave the window of my state-room open, that I may hear you. Dartmouth."

Does any woman think the request was forgotten? Or, that the card was not carefully treasured, as the first token of interest she had ever received from him she loved so well? When Edith slept that night, the little slip of pasteboard was pressed close to her heart, and her dreams were only of the time when she was to give him back to life. I wish he had been better worthy of such innocent devotion. But her mother and her maid, who were hired was never yet quite good enough to deserve consideration, or Edith's love—yet, alas! her young favorite is—may be, only to smile in wonder at the worship of the gift!

The long night were away, and a Sabbath morning, fair and calm as a dream of Heaven, shone upon the waters. Edith dressed early, and went with a happy heart. To her the day was beautiful. Everything it was to expiate them. But as she hours were away, and the door of his state-room remained obstinately closed, she grew weary of watching, and flinging herself down upon one of the cabin sofas, forgot all her troubles in a sweet and refreshing sleep.

She woke after the lapse of an hour, with a sudden sense of some one had spoken to her ear, and looked around with a bewildered air. Almost the first object that met her eyes was the sullen mouth, wrapped in a dressing-gown of gayly-colored cashmere, and leaning over her mother's sofa was the figure of a stranger. What was he doing? She listened eagerly. Her mother was speaking to the Bible—and he—he was listening to it, with an air of reverential attention that touched a new chord in her heart. Edith, as she stole near them unperceived, as she thought, but he—and, and put out his hand behind him at once, and was the chapter she finished, drew her to his side.

"And how have you enjoyed yourself while I have been shut up in my room?" he asked, with a glad smile.

"I have been waiting for you to get well again."

It was delightful flattery—more especially that it was perfectly unpremeditated, and James Dartmouth could not but be should have remembered, as he looked up into her speaking face.

"Thank you, Edith."

She stooped towards him, and he threw round her neck a silken chain of rich workmanship, and reached to a crown of the same metal. As he fastened the links firmly together his hand touched her throat—it was trembling like a leaf, and Edith's face flushed crimson.

"You were that little toy in memory of me?" he asked. "You can never take it away from me, Edith, though the time may come when you will let it remain where I have placed it."

"I will never be taken away from Edith, in a low voice. "When I die, it will be found as you have left it."

"Hush, my dear," said Mrs. Montrose. "I think the morning so pleasant that your friend need not leave the open deck. It is scarcely fair to his duties to the side of an old woman like me?"

The words were hardly spoken, when there was a sudden stir among the passengers. Edith could not but hear the words, "she said, as she listened to its horrible din from you, Mr. Dartmouth?"

"When it breaks in upon such a pleasant day-dream as this, my dear," he said, with a smile. It is as well though to be rudely roused. It is what happens to us day after day—it is what has happened to me for the last twenty years—and why should I complain?"

"I never hear speak of life as being so unhappy," said Edith, thoughtfully. "Now I am determined that it shall be very different. Let them call me a will. I shall defy it so bravely that it will turn aside in very shame."

"Ha—I will come," she said, after a moment's hesitation; "but promise to say nothing that will grieve me."

"My god! I wish I could!"

She walked to bear no more, but hurried to her state-room, and, all upon the sudden and vague fear that was overtaking around her, and, like the poor bird in the fable, she was fluttering in the net and shut out gradually from her, yet she knew not what. Her mother was sitting up, and looking very pale, but she gave her no time to speak. She tried to pray, but the words died upon her lips. She felt that she stood alone—that even God refused to hear her.

For the first time during the voyage, her thoughts to the Virgin was wrong, and when she heard her mother asking blessings upon Guy, she turned her face in her hands, and prayed passionately for death. At evening she stood in her usual place, watching the moon, as she rose in silent majesty, above the waters. Some one approached and stood beside her. It was Dartmouth, pale and suffering. But when he looked into her face, he turned back in dismay. Sternly would he have known the bright, proud Edith of the previous day, in the pale, sorrow-stricken girl who leaned for aid and strength upon her hand, and bowed like a leaf when he spoke her name.

"Oh, my child—my Edith—is this all the me?" he cried in agony. "Oh! say that it is not, and I shall be happy!"

"For whom should it be?"

"Edith, listen to me. God knows I never dreamed of this—God knows I never meant to wound you so. If we had met years ago, I should have loved you better than life; but now I dare not love you."

She clasped her hands tightly above her heart, but said nothing.

"Edith, will you not speak to me?"

"Go on. Why is it too late?" she said, coldly.

"I am a married man. Do not look at me in that way—I cannot bear it. If I have been guilty in seeking you, you must forgive me. As God is my judge, I never dreamed of winning your love, Edith. Your friendship I cannot—"

"Oh! hush—hush!"

He dropped his arm, and walked forward. When she returned, she was calm.

"I have made a blunder, and may as well acknowledge it," she said, with a sad smile. "I did not misunderstand me. I only grieve for the attachment I must now crush. You will not, at once the propriety of what I am about to say, Mr. Dartmouth. We must meet no more."

She uttered the very words he had been about to speak, and yet how differently they sounded to him!

"No more! Do you mean that wherever I may be—whether I open me to rest on Edith's face no more?—that when I weary of everything around me, Edith's voice will never speak to me again?"

"I mean it."

"That, till the day of judgment, we are never to meet—not by side again? Oh, Edith, you have been very happy—is this necessary?"

"Edith cannot be," she answered, gravely. "And this little chain I wear—oh! give it to—to your wife, and tell her that I—"

"Stop, Edith?" He held her hand firmly in his as she was about to break the clasp. "What did you mean when I put the chain around your neck? When I die, it will be found as you have left it? You must have your words."

"I will not quiver them," said the girl, with a sudden burst of passion. "I will not take them."

"Thanks, Edith. And now, let me explain myself. I have told you that I am a married man, but I have not told you all. Edith, you should have watched over my name as over the safety of her own life. What would be the being I trusted most—my wife and my only brother—have destroyed the one, and put out his hand behind him at once, and was the chapter she finished, drew her to his side.

"Oh, my child—my Edith—is this all the me?" he cried in agony. "Oh! say that it is not, and I shall be happy!"

"For whom should it be?"

"Edith, listen to me. God knows I never dreamed of this—God knows I never meant to wound you so. If we had met years ago, I should have loved you better than life; but now I dare not love you."

She clasped her hands tightly above her heart, but said nothing.

"Edith, will you not speak to me?"

"Go on. Why is it too late?" she said, coldly.

"I am a married man. Do not look at me in that way—I cannot bear it. If I have been guilty in seeking you, you must forgive me. As God is my judge, I never dreamed of winning your love, Edith. Your friendship I cannot—"

"Oh! hush—hush!"

He dropped his arm, and walked forward. When she returned, she was calm.

"I have made a blunder, and may as well acknowledge it," she said, with a sad smile. "I did not misunderstand me. I only grieve for the attachment I must now crush. You will not, at once the propriety of what I am about to say, Mr. Dartmouth. We must meet no more."

She uttered the very words he had been about to speak, and yet how differently they sounded to him!

"No more! Do you mean that wherever I may be—whether I open me to rest on Edith's face no more?—that when I weary of everything around me, Edith's voice will never speak to me again?"

"I mean it."

"That, till the day of judgment, we are never to meet—not by side again? Oh, Edith, you have been very happy—is this necessary?"

"Edith cannot be," she answered, gravely. "And this little chain I wear—oh! give it to—to your wife, and tell her that I—"

"Stop, Edith?" He held her hand firmly in his as she was about to break the clasp. "What did you mean when I put the chain around your neck? When I die, it will be found as you have left it? You must have your words."

"I will not quiver them," said the girl, with a sudden burst of passion. "I will not take them."

"Thanks, Edith. And now, let me explain myself. I have told you that I am a married man, but I have not told you all. Edith, you should have watched over my name as over the safety of her own life. What would be the being I trusted most—my wife and my only brother—have destroyed the one, and put out his hand behind him at once—I never can?"

She looked convulsively, and Edith almost forgot her own grief in trying to soothe his.

"You have a kind heart, my child," he said at last, "and I shall not leave you to its mercies. You are very dear to me—too dear, it may be—and I will not subject you to the pain of such a separation. Edith, I will not subject you to the pain of such a separation. Edith, I will not subject you to the pain of such a separation. Edith,

LIGHT.

BY ALICE CARY.

Ah, it is well, and very well,
When all the hoarded hopes of years
Are crushed in life's remorseless fears,
To lose last bitterness of tears;

For then joy has left us very near,
And love a little cloth to keep,
To feel that pain grows dull, like sleep,
—He giveth his beloved sleep.

And when, at worst, death comes, and over God
Shuts down the lids of our unquiet eyes,
Seeing the changes to worse grow round,
—He even thus is kind to light.

Ah, light! and light enough to see
Across the cold, unanswering grave,
How beautiful our lost ones be
In the white robes of their rest!

Oh, dear one, dost thou tarry long
From the cool clasp and fabled bower?—
Think how the tenderness of Most
Comes back upon the weary hours.

Think how the rainy time has passed,
And all the level all around the year,
And hold to the good promise, fast,
"At evening-time it shall be light."

THE NEIGHBORS.

BY MARY G. VAUGHAN.

CHAPTER I.

"Ha, crickey! won't we have some fun now? Now that Tom's got sailing there—won't he be alive, Jos, to make her jump up, half-frightened to death!"

"That pour little girl! Will, of course you won't think of hurting her! See, she has fallen asleep there upon her mother's arm with her little pale face lying against the cold stone. I dare say she was very tired and hungry, and sad when there to rest."

"I dare say she was all that," answered Will, shockingly, "and that's the very reason why I am going to have some fun with her. She wouldn't have to sit mother, or to sleep on a tombstone if so here goes!" and the bad boy lighting the fuse of a bunch of Chinese firecrackers, threw them to the lap of the sleeping child.

There was a wild scream, a sudden rush, and then amidst the explosion of the missiles, a trembling enveloped in flames darted down the marble steps.

Will, too frightened himself to move, could only receive the child's scream in his arms, as the pain, who had vainly attempted to disarm him from his mischievous purpose with wonderful presence of mind, snatched off his cloak and wrapped it about the child. His own hands and face were badly burned in the effort to extinguish the flames—but he never faltered. In a few moments Will's screams had summoned a crowd from the aristocratic mansion, in front of which this scene had taken place. His mother, almost beside herself with the sudden fright she had received, ran out with a large rug from the hall, and wrapped it about the children, just as one of Mrs. Grant's servants poured over them a bucket full of water. The flames were extinguished, and while Will Grant ran crying to his mother, Jos—for his laughter had ere now, and—the poor child whom he had so heroically attempted to save, disappeared in her own house.

Mrs. Willoughby and Mrs. Grant were neighbors. They had lived side by side for many years, indeed from the time that they had come as brides, within the same parish, to live in the handsome row of houses. An intimacy had sprung up between the two families, less from congeniality of taste than from positively any circumstances. Within five years of their marriage both had been left widows, with each a son.

Will Grant and Jos Willoughby attended the same schools, and joined in the same sports; they had been playfellows from their earliest remembrance, but in different ways their dispositions and temperaments so totally unlike the home-influence that surrounded them, so strong the mantle of conduct by which they were governed that they could scarcely be called friends.

As had been the case with their parents, their intimate association was more the result of proximity and habit, than strong liking. Will was an indulged and petted child, with a strong propensity to mischief that was seldom checked or curbed, and was always more pitied than blamed for any unfavored consequences of his pranks. Of course he was the tyrant of the feelings or minds of others so long as he had the questionable satisfaction of what he called "fun," in the words, shooting joke, or personal annoyance.

Mrs. Mr. Willoughby was a wiser woman than Mrs. Grant. Loving her child with the tenderest devotion, she never yielded to the temptation of indulging his faults. She watched over him constantly, never intending moral lesson or improper example, but really always to manifest right principles, and to set the example of thoughtful kindness towards inferiors, reverence to superiors, and polite politeness toward all. To make her child like the husband for whom she mourned—a true, humane gentleman—was her highest worldly desire.

With such different training, the children of these neighbors were essentially different in all their characteristics, as a matter of course. In one case all faults were fostered and promoted, in the other whatever was outlawed and best received the kindest culture. So while Will Grant, through his pure mischief, endangered the life of an innocent child, Jos Willoughby thought it his duty to imperil his own to repair the wrong of his play-fellow.

An hour after the above narrated events, when Will had settled himself to sleep upon the lounge in his mother's dressing-room, with a huge piece of raw beef on his head, and the opposite eye in the other, Mrs. Grant stole out and proceeded to her neighbor's house for the purpose of hearing the results of the catastrophe. She found the physician, who had been hastily summoned, still with Mrs. Willoughby, and engaged in dressing Jos's burned hands and face. The little girl, as worse injured, had been first attended to, by the entrance of the little preserver and the commands of his benignant mother, and was lying quietly with pain, but as comfortable as circumstances would admit, in Mrs. Willoughby's bed. The lady was not at first holding her son in her arms, and from her pallor evidently suffering all he again, while mother and son wept with each other in sympathetic and outward pain that could add to each other's distress.

Mrs. Grant was a woman of warm feelings, and her first impulse was to go home and inflict endless punishment upon the boy she had just considered innocent. But the thought of his hurt softened her heart, and her mood changed. "Poor child, he did not intend any harm," related her considerate. She tried, however, to make amends by remaining to assist Mrs. Willoughby in the care of the sufferer, until the arrival of the nurse was sent by the physician, relieved her for the time.

Mrs. Grant then offered before the child thus strangely thrown upon Mrs. Willoughby's kindly offices could be questioned as to her name or belongings. She wears beautiful little creature, of perhaps seven years. Around her sweet, pale face, which had escaped the effect of the flames, the rich golden curls clustered luxuriantly. The half-burned garments which had been removed from her were coarse and faded, but had been neat; and that exquisite cleanliness which betokens refinement of feeling, even among the most debasing influences, was apparent about her person. She was evidently the child of extreme poverty, one upon whom the plashing hand of want had been laid, driving her forth to beggary, but the tones of her voice, the quiet civility of her manner, and her gratitude, exhibited by

> servility, equally annoyed Mrs. Willoughby that she was not the offspring of the rude and uncultivated.

For the first few days in a sort of half-delirium, she moaned continually of her mother, but after that she was, or where she lived, it was impossible to ascertain. When, at length, she was able to give the necessary directions for finding her the nearest friends, she removed from the mother, exhausted by sad and bitter grief, and prostrated upon her bed of rags by mental illness before she consented that her little one should go out to seek charity. Her sanctity was the child failed to return was announced the progress of the disease, and ignorant of what had befallen her, her suffering was relieved only by the kindness of neighbors scarcely less poor and forsaken than herself, she died. The day that Mrs. Willoughby found her to her poor lodgings she had been consigned to the nameless grave of a pauper, and Jos had left her untroubled behind.

A basket containing two pictures—one her own, the other that of a young and handsome man, and a tress of dark hair, a few infant's garments of exquisite finish, some soft letters, and she decided that the day before her illness, and addressed to her child in a delicate female hand, were all remained to tell of the station from which she had fallen into the depths of poverty and friendlessness.

These Mrs. Willoughby carefully collected, and secured the landlord, who had already claimed them, that she would be responsible for the amount of the poor woman's debt to him, which was small boons. All that day and the next she remained in deep thought. She was considering the future of the child which had been so strangely thrown upon her care.

She read and re-read the letters, which alone could throw light upon the parentage of the child. The mother, it was evident, had been the wife of, or had established over her a power which enabled her to destroy her letters, and she decided that the child